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HER life is outdoors . . . the wind . . . the sun . . . the blue, murmuring Pacific. Yours is confined . . . the home . . . the school room . . . the factory . . . the office. Her food is plain and invigorating. Yours is rich and disturbing. Her breath is as sweet as the hibiscus in her hair—and she knows it. Yours . . . well, you really don't know . . . you merely hope.

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Hurry and worry, over-indulgence in eating or drinking, little or no exercise, all have a bearing on the condition of the breath. Is it any wonder that so many Americans have halitosis (unpleasant breath)? The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you are guilty of this offense. But you needn't be guilty at all if you will simply rinse the mouth with Listerine, the quick deodorant. Listerine combats unhealthy mouth conditions and overcomes the odors arising from them. Use it morning and night and between times before meeting others. It makes you acceptable to them. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

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LISTERINE checks halitosis
(unpleasant breath)

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Isn't It A Shame!

SWELL GIRL . . . GRAND LITTLE MOTHER . . . BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



Sally's baby is the cunningest thing in town—and women love Sally! She's clever and spirited and gay! But—there's a "but" about Sally!



When the crowd wants to dance or play contract, they always say, "Let's go to Sally's!" But—the "but" about Sally often sends her to bed in tears!



Sally's young husband is handsome—and lately he has had "a wandering eye." Tired of Sally? Never! But—he's noticed. For the "but" about Sally is her teeth.



Sally doesn't know that it's "pink tooth brush" which has robbed her teeth of their brightness, and ruined the charm of her smile. Perhaps she'll ask her dentist.



He'll tell her at once to clean her teeth with Ipana—and to massage Ipana into her gums. He'll tell her to get rid of "pink tooth brush"—to use Ipana.



It won't be long before Sally's young husband will find her just as pretty as when they were engaged! Sally's teeth will soon be brilliant again!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

YOUNG mothers have to be even more careful about their teeth than other girls do. But every girl should know that tender gums are responsible for the teeth's looking dingy and grayish.

Your dentist will explain this to you.

"Today's soft foods," he will tell you, "aren't coarse or crunchy enough to exercise your gums. Lacking stimulation, your gums tend to become flabby and tender. Then—you notice 'pink' on your tooth brush."

"Pink tooth brush," he'll explain, "is often the first step toward gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease. It may not only dull your teeth—but *endanger* sound teeth."

But he'll tell you how simple it is to check "pink tooth brush." You should clean your teeth with Ipana, and massage a little extra Ipana into your gums—and you'll soon have "pink tooth brush" under control. For the ziratol in Ipana aids in firming tender gums. Your teeth will soon be brilliant again!

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS — WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

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SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4 — Chicago, June — October, 1934.

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The Opening Chorus



International

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dix

WELL, Richard Dix is a benedick once more, and it's only a year since he was divorced from Winifred Coe. Evidently Richard got used to having a little woman around the house, so now he's up and married his secretary, Virginia C. Webster.

When Richard advertised for a secretary some six months back, over five hundred comely young women tried to get the job—but Virginia won out. She must have that certain something. . . .

They were married in Jersey City, by the same Justice of the Peace who married Virginia's parents there just twenty-five years ago. Romantic, what?

Now they are on an extended honeymoon trip which will eventually take them back to Beverly Hills, California, where Richard has a palatial home.

"Family Man," Richard's latest film, will be released soon.

BY THE way, that little ranch Mae bought out in the Valley, so she could pick oranges and listen to the birdies of a morning, has been given to Papa West, former fight champion, with love and kisses from little Mae.

Mae has decided to stay in the same apartment hotel she has been in ever since she hit Hollywood, right kerplunk on the noisiest street in Hollywood. Which all goes to prove that you can take an actress out of New York but you can't take New York out of an actress.

CONTRARY to current gossip, Glenda Farrell, who looks lonesome whenever Bob Riskin, writer, is called away from Hollywood, did not have so much as the tip of her little finger in the "It Happened One Night" pie. The widely praised hitchhiking sequence in that amusing picture came right out of the heads of Capra and Riskin, Glenda asserts.

REFLECTING *the* MAGIC *of* HOLLYWOOD

SEPTEMBER 1934

VOLUME FOUR
NUMBER ELEVEN

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN
Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON
Western Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

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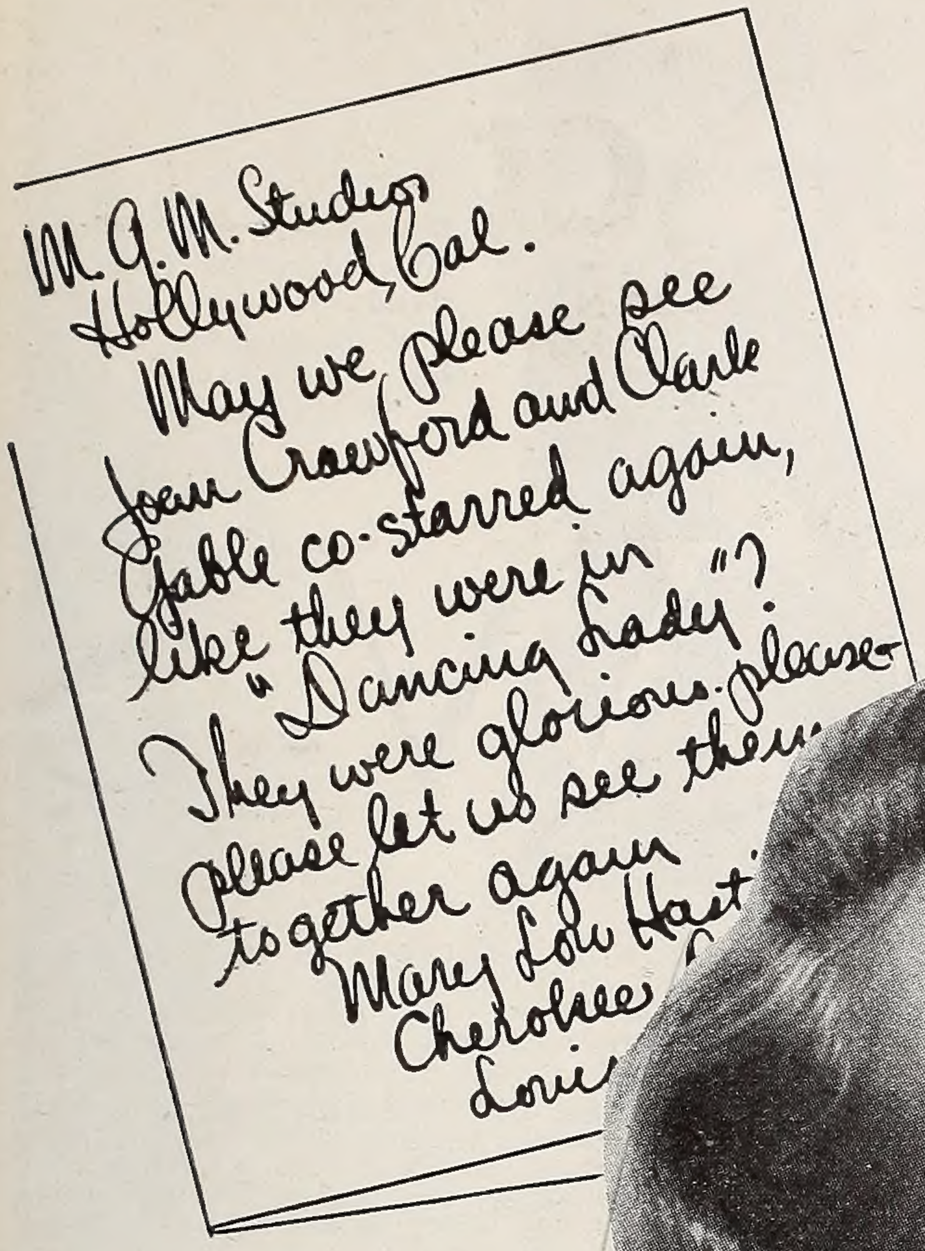
COVER PORTRAIT OF CLAUDETTE COLBERT
BY JOHN RALSTON CLARKE

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A FEW
WELL CHOSEN
WORDS



Bette Davis and Leslie Howard in "Of Human Bondage," the show that puzzled the critics. You'll have to see it for yourself.

REVIEWS

AFFAIRS OF CELLINI—Fine. A sophisticated comedy of the Renaissance—with Fred March as Cellini, celebrated artist and lover, Frank Morgan the skittish Duke of Florence & Connie Bennett his clever Duchess.

ALONG CAME SALLY—Fair. If you'd like to make a friendly comparison between the English idea of comedy and ours, see this. Cicely Courtneidge, the premiere English comedienne, as Sally.

ARE WE CIVILIZED—A plea for universal brotherhood, if such a state of affairs is at all possible. William Farnum makes a come-back in this film. With him play Anita Louise, Oscar Apfel.

BACHELOR BAIT—Amusing. Stuart Erwin as the meek young man who runs a matriomonial agency . . . with Skeets Gallagher, Pert Kelton & Rochelle Hudson contributing plenty of hearty laughs.

BLACK CAT, THE—Fair. What was once a famous short story by that master of mystery tales, Edgar Allan Poe, is now a horror film of the implausible type. (Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, David Manners.)

BLACK MOON—Fair. Voodooism in the West Indies. With the lovely white woman going completely native as a climax. It has its moments—if you like that sort of thing. (Jack Holt, Fay Wray, Dorothy Burgess.)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK—Excellent. The charming English amateur sleuth is with us again in the person of Ronald Colman, in a murder-mystery more fascinating than its predecessor. (Loretta Young.)

CITY PARK—Fair. After many trials and tribulations the country girl (Sally Blane) gets a nice break in the Big City—she even gets a rich husband. Heigh-ho! (H. B. Walthall.)

CIRCUS CLOWN, THE—Most Amusing. Evidently Joe E. Brown decided to add new recruits to his roster of fans, and, if that's the case, this comedy of circus life is a good starter.

CROSS STREETS—Only Fair. Poor Johnny Mack Brown. What a tough time he has in this film. Nothing works out according to Hoyle—not even his romance with Anita Louise—at least, not right away!

DR. MONICA—Fair. Kay Francis is a doctor again in this triangle which varies slightly from the usual pattern. Warren William and Jean Muir play along with Kay, and there's a baby to complicate matters.

GREAT FLIRTATION, THE—Splendid. With temperamental sparks inflaming the atmosphere, this exhilarating farce about a theatrical couple is bound to entertain you. (Elissa Landi-Adolphe Menjou.)

HALF A SINNER—Fair. Taken from the popular stage play, "Alias the Deacon," with Berton Churchill as the gambler masquerading as a cleric, and Joel McCrea & Sally Blane supplying the fluff & romance.

HEART SONG—Lovely. A picture made abroad with Lilian Harvey, Charles Boyer and Mady Christians. It boasts lilting melodies, sparkling dialogue and a merry plot. Fine entertainment these warm nights.

HELL BENT FOR LOVE—Fair. With Tim McCoy, our hero, in the rôle of a motorcycle policeman, you can expect a lot of action and melodrama from this one. (Lillian Bond.)

HELL CAT, THE—Fair Melodrama. Here we have that tempestuous creature—the society girl—out to get the scalp of a reporter who once outwitted her. Naturally she gets his scalp and all that goes with it. (Ann Sothern-Bob Armstrong).

HERE COMES THE GROOM—Fair. Mary Boland and Jack Haley can always be relied on for laughs—but there are moments during this farce when the humor is not so spontaneous. It's all a trifle irksome.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL—Good. This is more emotional than you'd expect a story of adolescence to be—but it carries a moral and so that's that! (Cecilia Parker, Helen MacKellar, Carlyle Moore.)

HIS GREATEST GAMBLE—Fine. Richard Dix has another highly reckless, highly charming rôle in this drama that dares to be original. Dorothy Wilson, Edith Fellows and Erin O'Brien Moore round out the cast.

HOLLYWOOD PARTY—Amusing. A hodgepodge of merriment—gags, dancing, music, etc.—and just the tiniest sliver of plot. Names galore, however—Durante, Velez, Butterworth, Laurel & Hardy. Now you know what to expect!

IT'S A BOY—Fine. A clever English-made farce, with our own Ed. Everett Horton as a love-sick swain. Heather Thatcher, whom you will remember from "Berkeley Square," is in this too.

KEY, THE—Good. William Powell, Edna Best and Colin Clive in a love triangle woven around the dramatic Sinn Fein rebellion in the Emerald Isle.

KISS AND MAKE UP—Good. A satire on the beauty parlors. Come and see how lovely woman stoops to conquer. Cary Grant at his best—with Genevieve Tobin, Helen Mack & Ed. Everett Horton.

LADIES SHOULD LISTEN—Good farce. Charlie Ray makes a come-back in this film in which Cary Grant, that handsome young heartbreaker, gets involved with a mine in Chile—among other things! (Frances Drake, Ed. Everett Horton.)

LET'S TALK IT OVER—Amusing. In which the simple sailor takes the uppish society girl off her high perch. (Chester Morris, Mae Clarke.)

LET'S TRY AGAIN—Good. When the romance of their marriage becomes humdrum reality, Clive Brook & Diana Wynyard decide to seek new partners. The way they both get "ditched" is quite amusing.

LITTLE DAMOZEL, THE—Good. An enjoyable English comedy, with music by Noel Coward. The theme is amusing and well acted by James Rennie, Anna Neagle and Benita Hume.

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?—Fine. Hans Fallada's Continental tragedy of post-depression days transferred to the screen with the bitterness slightly sugar coated for those who can't stand stark realism. (Margaret Sullavan, Doug. Montgomery.)

LITTLE MISS MARKER—Fine. When that adorable child, Shirley Temple, is given to the gambler, Adolphe Menjou, as an I.O.U., you can rest assured that a unique, diverting tale will enfold. Take the children!

LOVE CAPTIVE, THE—Fair. Romantic Nils Asther in the rôle of a professional hypnotist who apparently does no one any good, least of all himself. (Alan Dinehart, Gloria Stuart, Paul Kelly.)

MIDNIGHT ALIBI—Fine. A clever blend of gangland with tender romance makes this recent Dick Barthelmess film quite engaging. Helen Chandler, Ann Dvorak & Helen Lowell in support of the star.

MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD—Fair. Now it's a schoolteacher who is murdered—and right in school, too! But Edna May Oliver (another schoolmarm) puts on her thinking cap and helps Detective Jimmy Gleason solve everything.

OPERATOR 13—Excellent. This is a swell yarn in spite of the fact that it has a Civil War-Spy theme. There are thrills, drama, romance and Marion Davies (at her best) and Gary Cooper to enthrall you.

SCARLET EMPRESS, THE—Interesting. Jos. Von Sternberg directed this arty edition of Catharine the Great of Russia—and even if the drama is lacking we still have Marlene Dietrich in many glamorous poses.

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN—Fine. Trying to recapture the joyous romance of his youth, Frank Morgan experiences a brief but glorious adventure with Elissa Landi, an actress.

SMARTY—Good. A marital upheaval portrayed in a breezy manner, with Joan Blondell, Warren William and Ed. Everett Horton as the principle culprits.

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY—Swell. Otto Kruger as the charming young chap whom the ladies can't resist. His decision to reform and "go staid" furnishes the basis of the amusing plot. (Nancy Carroll, Heather Angel.)

STRICTLY DYNAMITE—Good. If Jimmy Durante and Lupe Velez tickle your risibilities, see this comedy about radio artists. You'll have a good time. (Norm. Foster, Wm. Gargan, Marian Nixon.)

TELL-TALE HEART—Fine. Edgar Allan Poe's weird, psychopathic tale filmed by the British in most commendable fashion. It has a fascination that will not soon be forgotten.

THIN MAN, THE—Excellent. If only all mystery stories were as engrossingly told as this one! But they can't all be written by Dashiell Hammett and have Myrna Loy & Bill Powell in the cast.

TWENTIETH CENTURY—Excellent. Carole Lombard and John Barrymore team up in one of the smartest, most riotous comedies of the theatrical profession. It is gay, mad, utterly irresistible.

TWO HEADS ON A PILLOW—Fine. A problem theme, dealing with divorce. It is lightly handled and always entertaining. The cast includes Miriam Jordan, Neil Hamilton, Henry Armetta & Claude King.

VIVA VILLA—Fine. Wally Beery in an impressive film woven around exciting incidents in the life of Mexico's most colorful bandit. (Henry B. Walthall & Rudolph Schildkraut.)

WHITE HEAT—Just Fair. Melodramatic romance with the setting a sugar plantation. In cast, Mona Maris, Virginia Cherrill, Hardie Albright.

WORLD MOVES ON—Fine. This can safely be labelled "production on a large scale." As Time and the World move on we meet up with war, romance, progress, misery, happiness; everything, in fact, that touches civilized people. (Franchot Tone, Madeleine Carroll, Reginald Denny.)


BING CROSBY
MIRIAM HOPKINS
in "She Loves Me Not"
with Kitty Carlisle · Lynne Overman
Henry Stephenson · George Barbier
Warren Hymer · Directed by Elliott Nugent
MIRIAM HOPKINS
as "Curley Flagg"
a CROSBY-CARLISLE duet
KITTY CARLISLE
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PRINCETON
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"STARS MUST EAT"

Here Are the Favorite Recipes of the Players



Janet Gaynor serves tea to Lew Ayres. She is very proud of her "Ice Box Cookies," and you can try them, too.

By Ruth Corbin

"THE English have the right idea," grumbled Lew Ayres, as he finished a "take" with Janet Gaynor along about four o'clock that first afternoon they were working together on "Servants' Entrance." "I could do with a dish of tea this minute."

"Well, you needn't go pro-English on us," laughed Janet. "We always serve tea on the set around this time of day. Just keep up that terrible strumming on the piano and I'll have it brewed for you in a jiffy."

"Um . . . Um . . ." muttered Lew, smacking his lips in keen appreciation after his first gulp, "where did *you* learn to make tea as delicious as this, Janet?"

"In England—a few years ago," she answered, quite unabashed at the admission. "It was there that I discovered that the secret of good tea lies in a warm tea pot. Sounds funny, but it's true. First, your water must be *boiling* hot. Enough water is poured into the pot to thoroughly warm it. Then pour this water out and place a level teaspoonful of tea into the pot for each cup desired. The correct amount of boiling water is now poured over the tea leaves and the moment that these leaves unfold in the water is the moment for you to serve. Simple enough, isn't it?

"And now that you're in a culinary mood, I'll give you my recipe for these ice box cookies—good, aren't they? I make them at home to bring down to the studio for tea. They're a favorite around here."

JANET GAYNOR'S RECIPE FOR ICE BOX COOKIES

1	pound butter	3	eggs
5	cups flour		Dates and nuts to suit
1½	cups sugar		Vanilla flavoring

Cream the butter and sugar; add the eggs, one by one, beating the mixture, meanwhile; add the five cups of flour gradually while beating the mixture; add the dates and nuts which have been previously chopped into small bits; add the flavoring.

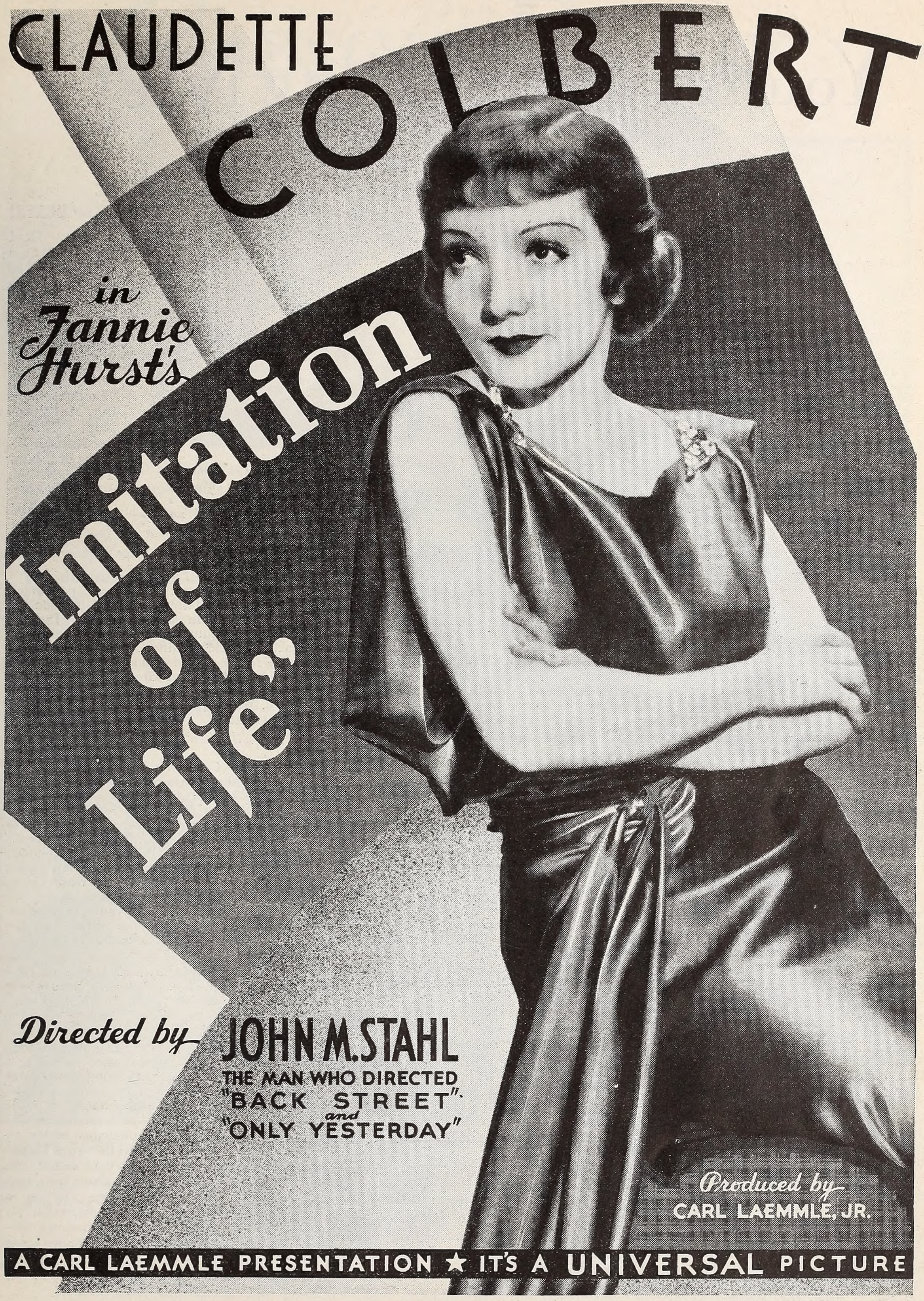
Shape into a roll; put into the refrigerator over night; then in the morning slice into thin layers—thus shaping the cookies—and bake in a moderate oven.

Another ice-box recipe which Janet uses frequently, is:

FROZEN EGG NOG

2 eggs, separated
⅔ cup condensed milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
Few grains salt
½ cup whipping cream

Thoroughly beat egg yolks and add condensed milk and vanilla. Chill. Add salt to egg whites and beat until stiff. Fold into chilled mixture. Whip cream to custard-like consistency and fold into chilled mixture. Pour into freezing pan, and place in freezing unit. (Two to four hours, total freezing time.) Serves six.


CLAUDETTE COLBERT
in
Jannie Hurst's
"Imitation of Life"
Directed by
JOHN M. STAHL
THE MAN WHO DIRECTED
"BACK STREET"
and
"ONLY YESTERDAY"
Produced by
CARL LAEMMLE, JR.
A CARL LAEMMLE PRESENTATION ★ IT'S A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

"You're Telling Me?"



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If You Do Not Write Your Opinions to this Page, How Are We Going to Know?

The $10 Letter

"LET others have their realism, I'll take glamour every time," writes Louise Kramer of Fourth Avenue, Peoria, Ill. "I can hardly wait to see the Dietrich-Von Sternberg 'Scarlet Empress.' The advance shots are tantalizing, and how could the two foremost exponents of the glamour school disappoint us? Catherine of Russia would turn in her grave with envy if she could behold the shots of the devastating Dietrich, in her white Hussar's uniform, upon a white charger. What does it matter if history tells us Catherine was plump and short and that squeezing into a uniform was such an arduous task that she only did it when it was expedient. We know Marlene will wear hers like a 'reel' queen and will be more pleasant to gaze upon. Realism? U take it—gimme glamour."

Always Beauty triumphs.

"I AM absolutely fed up with the vile criticism Norma Shearer has been getting since her picture 'Riptide' has been released. I thought that it was a very elegant picture, but it is not the type of characterization we like to see our Norma portray," writes Hazel Beatty of Boyce, Va.

Her next is entirely different, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

RALPH MILLER, JR., of No. K Street, Dinuba, Calif., writes "I sincerely hope that Max Baer's ugly face will not be shown upon the screen again. His picture, 'The Prizefighter and the Lady,' and he himself were greatly overrated. Exactly the opposite pertains to that grand guy, Bing Crosby, as he's great."

Bing has the wallop in his class.

"WHY have all the reform and religious bodies begun such an outcry against the films claiming that they are immoral? I have often watched children at the movies when the bad man and good man are shown, and they never yet have failed to cheer the good, and hissed the bad. We do not need to worry about the evil effects films will produce on our young, as they all know the plays are fiction," writes Lelia Solomon of N. 63rd St., Philadelphia, Pa. "Our worry and our religious bodies' concern should be to suppress the display of horrid, revolting, true life happenings glaringly displayed on every corner newsstand."

Most people are decent, naturally.

"WHY can't we have more children's pictures?" asks Betty Adams of Long Lots Road, Westport, Conn. "Ever since I was 'knee high to a grasshopper,' I have gone to the movies and have seen glamorous pictures, romantic pictures and sexy pictures of every description. I am now a sophomore in high school, and as far as I can remember, the only really enjoyable movies have been 'Little Women' and 'Skippy.' Movies of this type are enjoyed by old and young. How many film fans did not laugh or cry with Jo in 'Little Women' or Skippy in 'Skippy'? Half of the movie customers are children, and most of that half want some good, exciting adolescent dramas, for a change.

Let's have 'em!"

There will come a time, Betty, when you'll want real red meat like "Cavalcade" and t'hell with the spinach.

CLEO A. REIN of West 136th Street, New York City, writes "A truck load of orchids to Edward Arnold, ace performer, for his scintillating portrayal of the inebriated one in 'Sadie McKee.' I detest drunks, but must confess I fell in love with Jack. Priceless acting, Mr. Arnold—thanks. And to Joan, the glamorous, a basket of gardenias for so graciously permitting the clever Arnold to steal her show. Fine work, Joan. It's things like this that make you great!"

Joan, the Star with the Heart.

"JANET GAYNOR reminds me of a fairy princess who flashes before one's eyes, warming one's heart with her sunny smile, bringing new peace and hope to a tired weary soul," writes Emma L. Phillips of Terry Ave., Detroit, Mich. "Why doesn't some producer get a billiant idea and cast Janet in some of the splendid fairy tales children love so well? The world is so weary of your Hollywood sex plays. We are tired to death of your 'gun-toting' gangsters. We are bored with your Gigantic, Stupendous, Colossal, Tremendous productions!"

Can't say Janet Gaynor's plays now have much grim reality. But who cares about reality, plausibility, life? Not Emma Phillips.

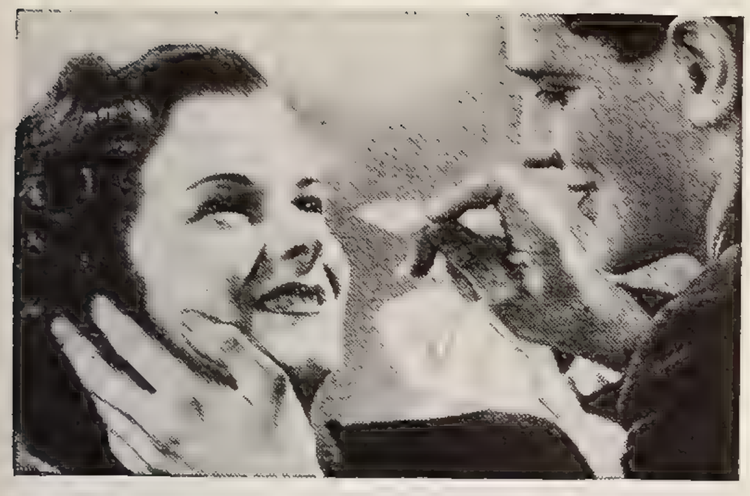
"OLD Damon Runyon has gone and done it again. 'Little Miss Marker' is far and away the most hilariously amusing picture that has come my way since Adolphe Menjou laid them in the aisles with his magnificent performance as the cynical, blasphemous editor in "The Front Page," writes Franklin Kennedy, Jr., of Byron, Ill. "Runyon's marvelous yarn motivated the entire cast to a point approaching perfection. So please Mr. Runyon, don't forsake the cinema. Your sense of the dramatic has brought the most sparkling originality to the screen.

And he's getting the potatoes.

SILVER SCREEN GOLD MEDAL

EACH year the Silver Screen Medal is awarded to some Actor or Actress of the Screen by the votes of our readers. Don't forget to send in your ballot, and have the satisfaction of knowing you have helped to make your favorite star happier. The Ballot will appear in Silver Screen for October.

The GIBSON FAMILY



Pretty Sally Gibson is getting a hand.

"Your eyes, your skin—golly, you're a knockout," breathes Ted.

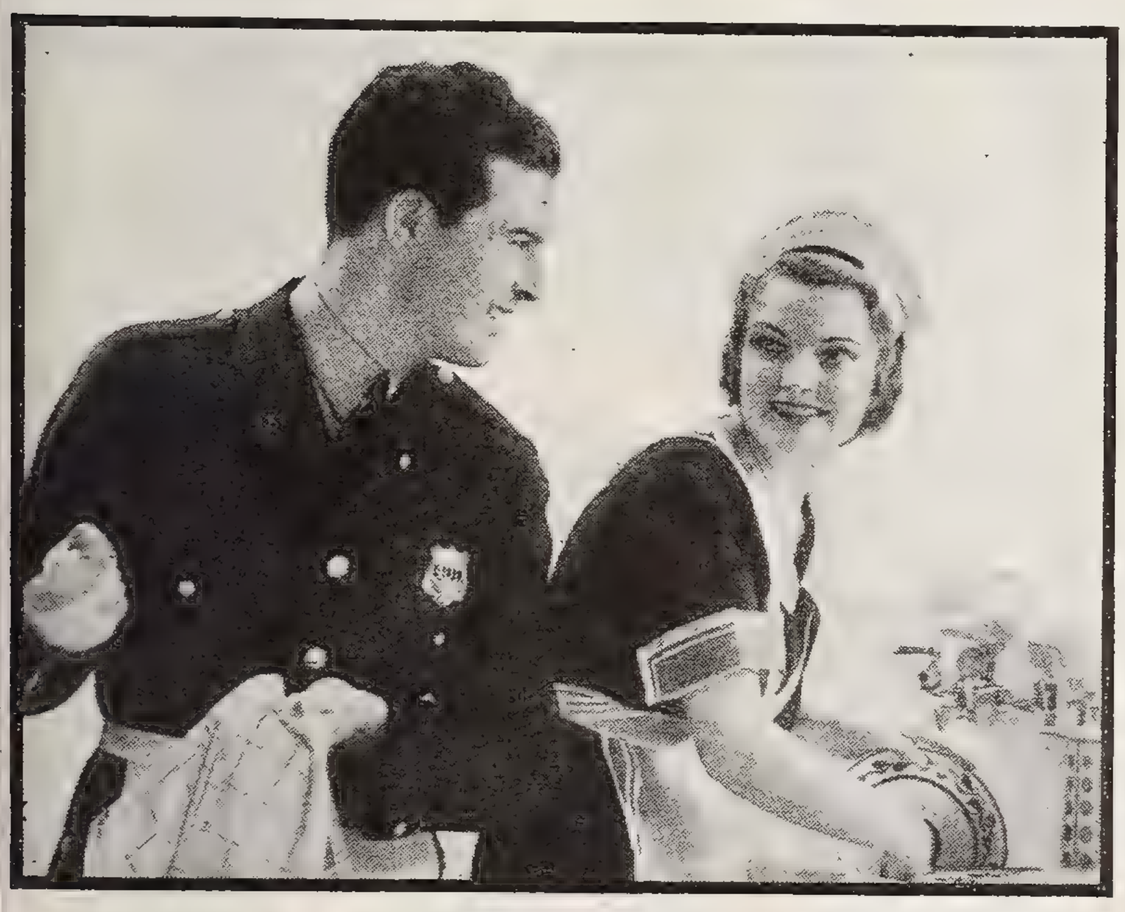
"Oh, really!" blushes Sally. "You know the other girls won't believe that I just use Ivory Soap, but as Doctor MacRae says, a sensitive skin needs a pure soap."

Yes, doctors like their patients to use Ivory. They have no use for the exaggerated promises of many soaps. Doctors say: "Use a *pure* soap." Don't let impure soaps dry out your skin.

PROTECT your complexion. Pure Ivory Soap will help you.



"THESE SOCIETY LADIES'D give a mint for your skin, young feller," says Jenkins. Nurse Tippit smiles. "Do them a lot more good to use pure IVORY SOAP!"



THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! . . . Pete Clancy's loving heart pounds like mad every time he takes a cup from Julia's smooth hands. And when his hand touches hers (by accident, we trust) he goes all pink in the ears!

As for Julia—she silently thanks Mrs. Gibson for saying, "Yes, Julia, use Ivory for everything. It will keep your hands looking nice when you serve the table!"

IVORY FOR DISHES KEEPS HANDS NICE



"GO ON, GRIN, Sally Gibson!" says Jane. "I wash-ee wash-ee stockings. And I know half of them have runs!"

"If you wash-ee every night with Ivory Flakes," teases Sally, "your stockings would not run-nee, run-nee so much."

"That's what the salesgirl at Baxton's said," says Jane. "She gave me a lecture on Ivory's purity, she did. So don't preach to me, Sally. From today I'm using Ivory Flakes."

FINE STORES ADVISE IVORY FLAKES

If You Address Your Fan Letters To This Page The STARS Will Answer (Follow the Directions)

The Fan Letter to Bette Davis



Bette Davis

Dear Miss Davis:—

As you are my favorite actress, I took the liberty of changing the spelling of my first name so that it would be like yours. It was Betty, but for three months it's been Bette. So far the recent change hasn't brought me any good luck, but I certainly hope it will.

May I ask if your first name has always been spelt that way, or just altered for screen purposes?

Cordially yours,
Bette Kester
Indianapolis, Ind.

Bette Answers Her Namesake

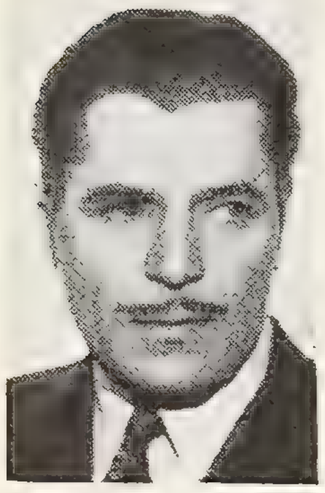
THE WHITE COTTAGE

Dear Bette Kester—

I feel very flattered that you've spelling your name as I do—I adopted the spelling when I was twelve years old—long before I thought of the stage as my profession. It was suggested to me by a friend of Mother's—who had just finished reading one of Balzac's works in which the heroine's name was spelled Bette—and as I am very English descent I thought it a grand idea—

I hope it brings you as much luck as it's had—Bette Davis

The Fan Letter to Warner Baxter



Warner Baxter

Editor,
SILVER SCREEN
Dear Sir:—

I am a most devoted fan of Warner Baxter's. I have never missed one of his pictures. I think he is the star of stars. His Mexican characterizations were marvelous in "In Old Arizona" and "The Cisco Kid." I hope to see him in a colorful western cowboy picture in the near future.

Is it true that Warner Baxter will make a picture in Europe, and if so, when will he leave America? Does he know the name of the story or picture he will play in and what it's about? I would appreciate very much if you answer my letter.

Yours truly,
Louise Spencer
Dallas, Tex.

"The Cisco Kid" Writes and Rides Away

Warner Baxter
Los Angeles, California

Dear Miss Spencer:

Thank you sincerely for your interest in my work. Am pleased you like to see the Cisco Kid. He is my favorite character and you may be certain he will return to the screen from time to time.

With best regards—

Warner Baxter

The Fan Letter to Helen Mack



Helen Mack

Dear Miss Mack:—

Ever since your wonderful performance in "All of Me," I have been an ardent fan of yours.

Did you ever attend dramatic school? If so, where? I feel that you must have in order to turn in so fine a performance. I would appreciate an answer.

I hope you soon become a star.

Yours truly,
Edith Nenzel
Philadelphia, Pa.

DIRECTIONS

1. **Make your letters short.**
2. **$10 each will be paid for every letter printed.**
3. **Whether or not any letter shall be forwarded to the stars for an answer is within the discretion of the editor.**
4. **The original answer from the star will also be sent to the author of the fan letter, after it is reproduced for this department.**
5. **Address your letters to: (Your Favorite Star) c/o Editor, SILVER SCREEN'S Fan Mail Dept., 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.**

Dear Edith Nenzel

Thank you for your letter, it was good of you to write and I am grateful.

no, I have never attended a Dramatic School. I was what one calls a "child actress," starting in show business at the age of seven, so what ever training I've received has been from the Directors and actors that I have worked with at some time or other, and that has been valuable experience.

Thanks again for your good wishes,

yours honestly.

Helen Mack

The Fan Letter to Dorothy Wilson



Dorothy Wilson

Dear Miss Wilson:—

Dating back to "Age of Consent," I've seen you in every succeeding picture—with the exception of "Eight Girls in a Boat," which is THE one I should have seen above all others! For you were the real reason for its success!

I've always been most impressed by your utter unaffectedness and refinement. Now—don't let cheap publicity and vulgar gossip mar your personality!

Yes—little ex-script-girl, you've made good. Keep up the good work! I'm FOR you!

Sincerely,
Helen Franzeen
Quincy, Ill.

Dorothy Wilson Thanks the Critics

Dear Helen Franzen —

Thank you so very much for your lovely letter to me.

I think your advice is perfect and you may rest assured that I shall always endeavor to avoid any cheap publicity or vulgar gossip.

You really must see "Eight Girls in a Boat" for I consider it my greatest stepping stone to a real career. I have had my ups and downs in this motion picture business and that film I consider my best "up."

I am under contract to Charles R. Rogers, who produced this picture, and he is a wonderful man of real understanding and I know he will always select the right kind of stories for me.

And thank you again so much for your letter —

Most sincerely,

Dorothy Wilson

The Fan Letter to Lee Tracy



Lee Tracy

Dear Sir:—

I have a bull dog whose name is Lee Tracy. When he was a puppy he tore up pieces of paper and growled. In this way he reminded me of Lee Tracy's talking —thus, his name. I wondered what Lee Tracy would say about that.

Most Cordially,
Alice Durnford
Richland Center,
Wisc.

Lee Is Dog-gone Proud

My Dear Miss Durnford,

And why not? As a dog lover and owner of a champion English Setter I can think of things for more than having an Irvin Cobb fan named after me. At least you've picked a quadruped you might have relegated me to a much lower status, say a fork, a bird, a reptile, a mollusc, a worm or an insect. For that I thank you.

Once owned a monkey and named him after a certain New York stage producer for the simple reason that they looked alike. Sometimes in pictures I try my best to look fierce but no one has ever said I looked like a bull-dog but maybe I do and even my best friends won't tell me!

You say he tears up pieces of paper and growls. I'll lay even money he can't tear a telephone out of the wall and bark as loudly as I do when I get the wrong number for three in succession.

All in all I think the idea of naming pets after us a very good one. If it spreads we can fire all the press agents because then we'll be in the limelight day and night on merit constantly before you and what publicity men could accomplish that?

Your fan mail and a big woof from Lee.

Most Sincerely Yours,

Lee Tracy

LIFE isn't half as much fun for FAT PEOPLE!







"TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE FOR TEN DAYS at our expense!"

The PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE may be worn with or without the new PERFOLASTIC UPLIFT BRASSIERE

IN 10 SHORT DAYS YOU CAN BE YOUR SLIMMER SELF WITHOUT EXERCISE, DIET OR DRUGS

"I have reduced my hips nine inches with the Perfolastic Girdle," writes Miss Jean Healy . . . "The fat seems to have melted away," says Mrs. K. McSorley . . . "I reduced my waist from 43½ to 34½ inches," writes Miss Brian . . . "It massages like magic," writes Mrs. K. Carrol.

. . . NOW . . .

we guarantee to reduce your waist and hips

3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS

with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

or it will cost you nothing!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY and SAFELY

The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL AND FRESH

The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

SEND FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce *you*. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.

Don't wait any longer . . . act today!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 449
41 EAST 42nd ST. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

So much of their Loveliness

depends on the tooth paste they use



"Like my hat—like my teeth?" asks **BETTY DOUGLAS.** Her hat (from New York creator Lilly Daché, as are the other two shown here) is white piqué with navy blue veil and band.



GAY HAYDEN wears this beige antelope fedora. Her suit is brown wool crepe with orange silk foulard scarf (Spectator Sports, Inc., New York).

BETTY COOK shows you the halter-neck of one of the season's new and popular swim suits.

PHYLLIS GILMAN'S dress is black crepe-Elizabeth with pleated ruffling of pink crepe (Bonwit Teller).



The country over, more than 2 million women have changed to Listerine Tooth Paste . . . it cleans so much better . . . gives teeth such high lustre. Why not try a tube?

Ask smart women why they prefer Listerine Tooth Paste to costlier brands—each has some special reason. "I like my teeth to shine," says Betty Cook. "It cleans better," explains another user. "It makes my mouth feel so clean and fresh," a third finds.

All agree—there is no use paying high prices when Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ gives so much better results. More than 2 million women share this belief. Among them are thousands who can afford any amount for cosmetics . . . for whom no beauty aid is too costly. Since other women find it so helpful, why not try Listerine Tooth Paste yourself? Test the way it cleans. See what a high lustre its gentle polishing agent brings to the teeth. Learn of the wonderful feeling of refreshment you get from its use—so much like the effect of Listerine itself.

At 25¢ for large tube, here's thrift to be proud of. And if you like an extra-large tube, buy the new Double Size—40¢—contains twice as much—saves 20% more! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



SILVER SCREEN

Topics FOR Gossips



Ann Harding will soon be seen in one of her finest rôles. Charles Morgan's "The Fountain," a best-seller, furnishes the theme for the picture.

PHILLIPS HOLMES' countenance is a veritable "sun" these days, radiating more bliss than seems possible for that serious young man. And there's a reason—two, in fact. Phil, who sky-rocketed to fame several years ago through his tragic portrayals (remember Phil with Sylvia Sidney in "The American Tragedy" and with Nancy Carroll in "Devil's Holiday"?) was forced to drop almost completely out of sight before producers realized that he meant it when he refused to go on playing any more of them. He is returning now in the characterization he loves—the swashbuckling, smiling lieutenant of "Caravan." And besides that, the girl he has been in love with for five long years, Florence Rice, has left her home in New York and intends to establish a permanent residence in Hollywood. What a break for Phillips.

ANOTHER romance that seems to be faring well is that of Mary Brian and Dick Powell. Dick had to go to New York last month, to make some scenes at West Point for his next picture with Ruby Keeler, but he arranged everything very neatly so that he could have a long stopover in Chicago with Mary, who is donning the greasepaint there this summer.

DEAR me, how time flies. Only yesterday, it seems, little Jackie Coogan was breaking us all up emotionally with his big brown eyes, and now Jackie is a young man and the "steady" of our Toby Wing.

ALAN HALE (now wasn't he just swell in "Little Man, What Now"?) recently had to be master of ceremonies at a meeting of the International Women's Clubs; and to his horror heard the chairman introduce him as *"Mrs.* Alan *Dale."* "Sorry, folks," Alan quickly acknowledged the introduction, "you see I'm not a missus. Alan Dale is a deceased critic, and I am, after all, only a live ham."

MARLENE DIETRICH, who rarely stuck her nose out of the door except to take her little girl to the beach or to Venice Amusement Park (where, strange to say, no one ever recognized the Glamorous One), has suddenly gone quite social on us, even going in for late hours and night clubs. She likes to dance at the Cocoanut Grove and then go from there to the King's Club, where Hollywood's favorite entertainers, Ross and Sergeant, go into a medley of German songs every time Marlene appears. Douglass Montgomery has been Marlene's escort at the King's Club several times—but it seems to be Brian Aherne whom she likes to take to the Grove with her.

JOAN CRAWFORD is going in for a "shiny" face these days and any minute now it will become a national fad. Joan just smears on a little cold cream and lets it go at that.

JEAN HARLOW and Patsy Kelly (and what a swell team they make in "Born to be Kissed") had the thrill of their lives the other day when Nat Pendleton took them on a fast and furious ride in his brand new speedboat. But they were even more thrilled—and a bit infuriated—when they got back to shore and Nat blithely confessed that it was the first time he had ever driven one of the darned things.

JOHN MACK BROWN is taking the ribbing of his life for the non-practical joke he unwittingly pulled on his best friends the other night. Johnny had arranged an elaborate dinner party at his home for a dozen brother-Masquers, with plans to take them to the American Legion later to see the fights. Johnny, with his pals behind him, presented his tickets at the door, but not until the guests had filed into an empty hall did the door-man say, "Sorry, sir, but if you came to see the fights they were last night."

SHIP ahoy, and hey hey, whom do you think has supplanted Clara Bow in the affections of the Navy? Judging from her fan mail—it's Glenda Farrell. "Fair Farrell," one romantic gob wrote her, "if I could just have you in every port, I'd never want for more." Sort of cute?

ELIZABETH ALLAN knows what to do with all the old strings left around the house—and we pass it on to you because we think it's right smart of Liz. She knotted the strings together in the same manner as a tennis net, and made a three cornered scarf that will go with any sport costume. Of course it helps a lot if the strings are red. See if you can get the butcher to send the liver done up with red string this month.

JOAN CRAWFORD went a-dancing the other night and introduced the latest fashion style—modified hoop skirts for evening wear. She got the idea from several little numbers Adrian ran up for her in "Chained," and with Joan setting the style it looks like we're going to be hooping it up this fall. If only you and I could wear hoops as beautifully as Joan does.

DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY has leased a house in the Hollywood hills which his friends find very difficult to locate when going there the first time. Douglass was giving explicit directions to Neil Hamilton, and it went something like this:

"You turn off Western on to Live Oak, then turn right at Black Oak, and then left on Verde Oak, and——"

"Oh, I know," interrupted Neil, "and then you come to Poison Oak."

The funny thing, Douglass reports, is that with all those streets thus named, there isn't an oak tree anywhere in sight. Just like Atlanta and all those Peachtrees.

HOLLYWOOD'S stirred-up hope that Gene Raymond at last was plotting marriage, when he rented one of the most attractive apartment suites in the Village, was blasted right back to where all rumors originate when Gene informed everybody that the gala preparations were being made for his mother, who has arrived from her home on Long Island to pay a long visit to her son.

[*Continued on page* 51]

"GALLOPING BANK



This is not the house of Rothschild, but just a portion of the estate of a beloved comic, whose horn-rimmed glasses are known the world over. The "Cascades" at Harold Lloyd's. The water splashes only six times at the Rockefeller Center cascades—eighteen times at Harold's.

Lupe Velez, who clanks with diamond bracelets, had a cathedral artist design a stained glass window for her Johnnie's bathroom.

"WHAT is your favorite story about Hollywood?" I was asked recently at a party given in New York by unprofessional people. There was not another Hollywood representative in the room.

"One of the oldest there is," I answered, and repeated the ancient yarn of the producer who walked upon the set where a Biblical picture was being filmed, looked at a group of bedraggled men and demanded: "Who are they?"

"The twelve apostles," a yes-man answered hurriedly.

"Twelve! Twelve! I thought I told you to order two hundred. Vy don't you do as I tell you? And dress them up. All two hundred. Clothes like that—bah! Didn't I order that this be a super-special?"

The guests laughed and then demanded, "But why is that your favorite?"

"Because it is true and explains the spirit of Hollywood so concisely. If the Bible has twelve apostles, Hollywood must have two hundred. If the average man of wealth drives a Packard, the motion picture star has to have an especially built Duesenberg. Nils Asther didn't feel he was anybody in Hollywood until he ordered his now famous car, with upholstery of pigskin hand-sewn and a body that was guaranteed to be not *custom-made* but *hand-made!*"

A famous doctor, who is also a psychiatrist, spoke up. "I see what you mean. And you're right. The Hollywood people know how to make their bankrolls gallop. Where the rest of us think we're pretty lucky to get time enough and daring enough to make our bankrolls *walk*, Hollywood is always making theirs gallop. It's an interesting thought."

A young woman—of the Junior League type—leaned forward.

ROLLS"

The Stars Can Satisfy Their Whims Without Counting the Cost.

By Ruth Biery

"Oh, tell us some stories about the way they throw away their money. I'd just love to hear about it. I've had money all my life, but the best I can think of is to go to Europe twice a year with *both* my Pekingese. I'll bet that would seem tame to Hollywood. Tell us some of the most silly and exciting things you know they've done with their money."

I looked at the doctor. "Please do," he said. And when you've finished, I'll tell you, if you wish, why I, as a psychiatrist, hope that Hollywood never loses those galloping bankrolls. I'll give you an analysis of why they should continue to throw away their money!"

We all have our little, personal brags. It is mine that I never tell anything about Hollywood I'd be afraid to print. So I'm going to give you the stories I told that wealthy, Park-Avenuish group that evening, *right in print,* and cover my conscience with the thought that both Hollywood and the rest of the world should know what this great physician said when I had finished!

These galloping bankrolls, as they have so pertinently been called, I began, are typical of every line of business in Hollywood. They reach from producer to extra; from efficiency expert to property man.

My first story is wholly professional. I chanced to be on a set while they were testing a stranger for screen possibilities. This man meant absolutely nothing to the company which was doing him the favor of making a test to see whether he had motion picture possibilities. There was no reason to impress him with the magnitude or finesse of making pictures; there was assuredly no motive for impressing the cameramen, electricians and other members of the regular studio crew. One scene called for this stranger to drop a bit of poison into a glass of champagne. There were two cases of bottles standing ready. I inspected them. *They were real.* Imported champagne. Two bottles were used for the "take" and the "retake." Two bottles out of two cases! The onlookers had a treat with the balance.

"Why real champagne for a test?" I asked an assistant property man.

"Why not?" he answered. "Ain't this the movies?"

It was. You see what I mean? Galloping bankrolls *are* the movies. Like the famous male star. . . .

The only tip I gave as to his identity was by announcing that "erratic" is the best one-word description of him. He had taken a beautiful young lady, who hoped to be a star, to Agua Caliente as his week-end guest. By the afternoon of the second day, they had tasted all of the normal relaxations of this well-equipped gambling resort. Satiation was beginning to set in. "I wish I could take a swim without my clothes on," she sighed. "The pool is so public—"

"Just a moment, darling, I'll fix it!" He dashed out. In an hour, the hotel pool and all points looking upon it were cleared of people—including the rooms on that side of the hotel. The beautiful lady took her swim. And the pocketbook of this generous, impetuous star had galloped to the tune of $10,000!

"Did he *watch* her?" the young

[*Continued on page* 59]





Gary Cooper leans on the green and yellow Duesenberg—it's paid for.

Harold Lloyd, at his hand hammered, wrought iron well, enjoys his great success.

A WEEK END WITH Joan Crawford

By Helen Louise Walker



Joan in her tippy hat.



JOAN and I had not seen one another . . . not really, I mean, excepting on sets and to lunch together occasionally . . . since Joan was much less important and I was much less busy than we are now. "Let's have a week-end together," Joan suggested. "Just a family get-together. Come out Saturday afternoon and don't plan to leave before Monday. I hope," she added, "that you won't mind the place being all scrambled with carpenters and decorators."

I did not mind and promised to be there.

I arrived at the house in Brentwood . . . that house which Joan had bought soon after she became a star, and which she and young Doug had changed and redecorated and refurbished with such high hopes after they were married, the house for which Joan had made those now-famous hooked rugs. Someone took my car and tucked it away somewhere.

Joan was having tea. When I say, "tea," I mean just that. Guests are urged to have sandwiches or cakes, but Joan has a cup of tea with lemon in the afternoon and no delectable tidbits tempt her at that hour. I joined her.

Decorators, plasterers and carpenters were gathering up their tools, preparatory to going home. Joan was having her house made a little larger, some changes made in the interior, installing a swimming pool . . . she was building the "little theater" which has been her dream for several years. Toying with her empty cup, she watched them scurrying to and fro.

"They are making my dream come true," she said. "My theater . . . my work shop. . . ."

They told me at the studio that you had refused to allow the building to be photographed," I remarked. "Why?"

Joan turned those enormous, intense, adolescent eyes on me. "Do you," she inquired, in a vibrant, dramatic voice, "have photographs made of your *soul?*"

I admitted that I had never made a habit of it.

She went on, solemnly, "This really means something very big to me. It is important . . . perhaps the most important thing in my whole life. It is where I shall study and learn and try to accomplish something. This isn't a toy, it isn't anything I am doing to amuse myself. This is the tangible center of all my hopes. . . ."

The theater is a small building, set back of the house near the new swimming pool and tennis courts. It has a small stage, two dressing rooms, a screen and projection machine. It will seat forty people for stage productions but less for a picture, when the audience must not be too near the screen. It is all cool green and white, and there is a kitchenette at hand in case Joan becomes so absorbed in rehearsals that she cannot tear herself away to run a few yards to the house for lunch. There is also a barbecue pit near the courts . . . so no one is in any danger of starving to death while working.

The opening—the dedication of this workshop—Joan told me, will consist of a play with one actor and one member of the audience. "Francis Lederer, my very dear friend, who knows and who can teach me so much about the theater, will be the actor. I shall be the audience. After that, I shall share it with other friends."

Joan is, as you can see, terribly intense about all this. Her restless ambition, her real and humble desire to learn, to develop, to grow, will find expression there.

"I really wanted an open air Greek theater," she confided. "But it *does* rain in California . . . and I decided that if it was to be a real workshop, it had better be a practical one, with romantic considerations left out of the design!"

After tea we went on a tour of inspection. Joan is having her house done over in the thorough-going manner which is characteristic of her—the living room enlarged, the study made into a play room, the dining room lengthened. White walls, white upholstering for the furniture, off-white rugs. Tiny dashes of vivid color here and there for contrast. You can see the change in

Life in the Intimacy of Joan's Home, From a Saturday to Monday.



Joan's mood, her attitude toward life, in the changes she is making.

When she was married to Doug, her house was chintzy, domestic, almost cottage-y. She *did* hem the gay, checked gingham curtains for the kitchen, herself. The new, modern, absorbed-in-her-work Joan is providing a *young* background for herself . . . almost austere with its vistas of white and dashes of scarlet or blue or brown.

The room I was to occupy was white, too, with blue and white drapes, white corduroy slip covers for the chairs, blue and white walls. Cool and calm and soothing. A friendly room.

Following Joan on the tour of inspection, I suddenly heard the sound of childish voices. She darted into the room which had been Doug's study. Following, I found her on the floor, surrounded by three tots who were making a great ado over "Aunt Joan." A uniformed nurse looked on.

"Well . . . what in the world?" I wanted to know.

The nurse drew me aside. "Her chauffeur's children, she told me. "Their mother is very ill and Miss Crawford has had them here in my care for several weeks. They will be here for some time longer. They adore Miss Crawford . . . and I fancy that she will find it difficult to part with them when the time comes."

From the look on Joan's face as she frolicked on the floor with them, I fancied so, too. I made the acquaintance of the youngsters and found myself doing pick-a-backs and things which I certainly had not expected. Joan asked me whether I should like to rest before dinner. The romp had been pretty strenuous and I thought, breathlessly, that I should.

Saturday night dinner at Joan's is fairly gala, although generally small and intimate. Some times the word goes out for "white ties" but usually it is "dinner coats." This time it was the latter. A handful of close friends had assembled in the drawing room when Joan made her entrance. Gay people in bright, informal, summer dinner attire. I observed that there were two mess jackets. Joan made a charming little ceremony of mixing caviar and chopped onion on [*Cont. on page* 53]



"Chained" is the name of Joan's new picture. It was called "Sacred and Profane Love" while it was being made. Clark Gable is on deck again.

Joan's studio life is not so different from the dancing existence she enjoys off stage.

Dorothy Lee really hasn't kicked over quite as many of her homes as our artist suggests, but anyhow she has the idea.



"It's the GIRLS Who

Feminine Rights Kayo Marriage.

DEAR old Chris Columbus couldn't have been more surprised the day he bumped into America (all right it wasn't America, but what-the-heck, I'm not going to strain at gnat's wings on a day like this) than I was the day I made the curious discovery that it's the lads themselves who are preserving the sanctity of the Hollywood home. And the girls who are kicking over the traces, and giving the place a bad name. All the little girls are getting that "twelve pound look" and it don't mean no good for no males. I spent a quiet evening at home recently, curled up with my favorite author, and you're going to hear a lot about that "twelve pound look" because I was always one to



George Brent looks at Ruth Chatterton questioningly. This was taken before Ruth decided that marriage was not a help to a career.

air my education.

It used to be the boys who dashed madly about of a night in snappy Rolls Royces, and who—came the dawn—nearly drove their press agents crazy trying to cover up their little intrigues and goings-on. Ah, those were frou-frou days, with plenty of lace and trimmings, and never a dull moment, except mentally. The great lovers gave of themselves to their leading ladies, their hair dressers, their manicurists, their boss's relatives and their public. Everybody else's fireside was more attractive than their own—except when Pola Negri dropped in for a spot of champagne. Ah me, do you remember the night John Gilbert tried to break into Garbo's house and landed in jail? Madcap John we called him. But we mustn't reminisce, it's old folksy, and I feel as kittenish as Christina with a bunch of grapes today.

But now it seems that the great lovers (can't a one of them hold a candle to Valentino) are all politely house-broken and stay home nights and read to the kiddies—quite, quite contentedly. Very rarely do nasty old rumors of divorce hover over their quiet Beverly Hills homes, where nine o'clock finds them indulging in games of Anagrams and Twenty Questions, and eleven o'clock finds them all gone nighty, nighty. Those Hollywood star-husbands are just as smug and happy as little Elsie Dinsmore was when Papa told her she had been a good girl and could write in her copy book.

But not the ladies, God bless them. Hardly do they get a tenant for the master bedroom before he is kicked out and there's a "boarders wanted" sign on the door, figuratively speaking. And when it all comes down to brass tacks, "boarders" are just about all the husbands of the Glamorous Ones are—sort of here today and gone tomorrow.

Of course, in the old days, every time Gloria or one of the girls married, the man was always referred to in the newspapers as a "sportsman" or a "big game hunter"—which was really being quite frank in a spectacular kind of way. But Hollywood has gotten quite bored by it all now and it is generally accepted that if you are a star's husband you really can't amount to much. It's rather a deplorable situation, for some of them are right nice guys and had they married Susan Smith and Hetty Grey in Three Corners, Ark., instead of Connie Bennett and Janet Gaynor in Hollywood, they might have been president.

Isn't it a curious fact, though, that Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, Greta Garbo, Mae

The Girl Stars Break Up Their Homes.
It Is the Men Stars Who Stay Married.

By
Elizabeth Wilson

"KICK OVER the TRACES"

West, Janet Gaynor, Kay Francis, Ann Harding, Margaret Sullavan, Miriam Hopkins, Elissa Landi, Loretta Young, Carole Lombard, Katharine Hepburn, Myrna Loy, Sylvia Sidney, Wynne Gibson, Ginger Rogers, Gloria Stuart, Madge Evans, Jeanette MacDonald, Mary Brian, Ruth Chatterton, Nancy Carroll, Mae Clark and many others have either broken their matrimonial bonds or said "no" and stuck to it, whereas all the leading male players, Clark Gable, Fredric March, Chester Morris, Gary Cooper, Leslie Howard, James Cagney, William Gargan, Warner Baxter, Otto Kruger, John Barrymore, Cary Grant, Robert Young, Bing Crosby, Richard Arlen, Lionel Barrymore, John Boles, Paul Lukas and Ricardo Cortez are married and working at it? Doesn't that strike you as being rather curious? So I asked myself "How come" and answered myself like this. It all boils down to that "twelve pound look." Give a woman sixty bucks and there's no living with her. Barrie wrote a play about it, and Barrie knew what he was talking about.



Jack Bannister even wore an apron in this picture. But Ann Harding knew that her reputation was a handicap to him, so they parted.

Janet Gaynor married Lydell Peck and tried SO hard to make a go of wedlock, but it was no use. Janet is free again to follow one of the great careers in Hollywood.



Mr. and Mrs. Bolton Mallory before the redhead decided to be just plain Nancy Carroll.

Let a woman discover that she can make a living—and pouf—she shows the nearest exit to her poor husband, who was having such a grand time playing czar and protecting his little lotus blossom from the cruel world.

I've often wondered, on foggy days or in theatres where the air was bad, if every married woman would be single if she could afford it. And if she made four thousand a week, or thereabouts, as Ann Harding and Joan Crawford and Katharine Hepburn do, would she put up with Herbert's snoring and nagging about the grocery bills. I'm afraid the average woman wouldn't mind packing Herbert's bag at all and sending him scampering.

Yep, it's that old career business again. Women just can't take power as well as men, and men can't take subordination as well as women, and that, in a nutshell, is why Hollywood actresses are always losing their husbands and Hollywood actors manage to keep their wives. (And because most of the Hollywood actors have the good sense to marry non-professionals, or actresses who are willing to give up their careers—like Florence Eldridge and Jobyna Ralston.)

It's normal for the man to be the head of the family, and it's just going "agin nature" (as Josh Billings, a great American wit, says) when a woman ups and says, "What did you do with that five dollars I gave you yesterday?" Women are just naturally nasty about money and can't help it. For so many centuries they didn't even know what it looked like that you can't

[*Continued on next page*]



Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Anna Neagle in "Nell Gwyn." The picture, produced in England, is based on material in Pepys Diary. King Charles II is a most likable monarch, and Anna Neagle (remember the name) makes the faithful, alluring Nell delightfully wicked.

blame them if it goes to their heads now. Show me a successful woman, I always say, and I will show you a bad wife. If the woman has nothing but the smiles and largesses it pleases her noble lord and master to bestow upon her, she is quite willing to laugh at his stupid old jokes and not mind too much about the pretty little blonde stenographer. But comes the time when the little woman discovers that she can make as much in one day as her husband can in a month—well—*she* tells the jokes, if she hasn't already sent her husband packing after the stenographer.

Woman, peculiar creature that she is, always wants a husband she can admire—and that other women can admire. She wants him to be a man of power and ability, she wants to point to him with pride. But you can't get away from the money angle. A woman, try as she will, just can't respect a man who is making less salary than she is. And no man can really love a woman who pays his rent and buys his food and clothes. There's gotta be friction.

When Janet Gaynor married Lydell Peck they were two young folks honestly in love with each other. Lydell had a job of sorts in Oakland and was doing rather well for a young man, and there was definitely a future for him. But when he married Janet he soon discovered that his salary would just about pay for the tips and an occasional orchid. Now Janet, like every woman, wanted a male she could be proud of, so through her influence he was made a supervisor at the Fox studio. A writer once asked a member of the publicity department: "What does Janet's husband do?" "He's a supervisor," she was informed, "He doesn't do anything." Well—Janet couldn't admire for long a man she was supporting, and Lydell couldn't help resenting being supported—and so Janet kicked over a trace.

Joan Crawford tells a very amusing incident that occurred while she was married to Doug, Jr. Except that it wasn't amusing to her. It seems that Doug's picture, "It's Tough to be Famous," was going to have a big opening at Warners Hollywood Theatre, and Doug suggested that they give a big party in honor of it. "All right," said Joan. "That'll be fine. And when 'Grand Hotel' opens next week we'll give another party and all go to the Chinese." "Oh, I don't know about that," said Doug. "You only play a bit in that picture. I'm the star of mine." Well—bring out the fire extinguishers! You can just imagine how that pleased Joan. And you can't blame her one bit if she was burned to a crisp. After all—if Joan had been little Susie Glutz, she would have had to take it and smile—but when all is said and done, Joan Crawford doesn't have to put up with belittlin' from any man.

Austin Parker, Miriam Hopkin's ex-husband, once told a friend of mine a story that makes me laugh every time I think of it. Austin and Miriam were at a party and Austin was ready to go home, so he started to call to his wife across the room, "Oh—er—er—oh, darling, lets go." When they were in the car Miriam said sweetly, "Dear, did you forget my name?" "Yes," said Austin frankly, "for a few seconds there I couldn't remember whom I was married to." Well, Miriam and Austin are still the best of friends since the divorce, but you can understand how it wouldn't be exactly soothing to a star's vanity to be married to a man who forgot her name in public, no matter how charming he was about it.

Loretta Young tried awfully hard to stay in love with Grant Withers, and so did Kay Francis with Kenneth MacKenna and Ann Harding with Harry Bannister. But Grant and Kenneth and Harry were all just as eager to become big movie stars as their wives were—and it seemed that the public wanted their wives, but didn't particularly want them, so their male pride was hurt, and bickering set in, and there was nothing to do but get a divorce. Loretta has often said that when she marries again she will retire from the screen, as it has been proved too painfully to her that love and a career don't mix.

Dolores Del Rio is one of the girls who tried awfully hard to get her husband (before she married Cedric Gibbons) established in Hollywood. When she first came to the cinema colony Dolores' success shot up like a rocket, but it was only a thorn in the flesh of Jaime Del Rio. Dolores did her best to help him sell scripts and keep his vanity from being too mortally wounded. But one night they went together to an important Hollywood party, and during the entire evening the hostess, or no one for that matter, bothered to introduce Jaime to a single breathing soul. He was just a husband.

Imagine Ludlow Ogden Smith's dismay the first time he was called Mr. Hepburn! And imagine how poor Hal Rosson used to feel when at parties Jean, radiantly beautiful, would be so completely surrounded by all the important young men in Hollywood that he couldn't get to her for hours! Yes, it rarely fails to work, as soon as a woman becomes financially independent she starts cleaning house and the first thing she throws out is her husband.

So a word to the wise to Clark Gable and Leslie Howard and Gary Cooper and Otto Kruger and Robert Young and all the boys who are doing their part towards preserving the sanctity of the Hollywood home. Don't let the little woman buy a typewriter or start fiddling around with a tube of grease-paint. If you've got a good wife, and want to keep her, for pity's sake keep her broke.

Our "Wray" of Sunshine

Fay is Always in Demand!

By Lenore Samuels



Fay Wray and Ralph Bellamy making "Woman in the Dark" in New York City.

WITH the temperature hovering in the neighborhood of 100 degrees (not quite, but *almost*), and with summer literature describing enchanting cruises to the North Cape (Iceland, Sweden, Russia) burning up the woodwork of your top desk drawer, it is natural to sit back and grumble: "Oh, for the life of a movie star. She can vacation as long as she wants, and whenever she wants."

At which point you are handed an assignment to go up to the Bronx to the Biograph studio and interview Fay Wray who's working up there in "Women in the Dark"—in this weather, no less. With dismay you tear your eyes away from that top drawer and hie yourself over to the Bronx Express where you swelter and silently bless all movie stars who haven't the good sense to remain at Malibu Beach for the summer.

At the studio, Miss Wray, looking as cool and correct and self-possessed as a contented penguin, is doing the last take on a scene with Mr. Ralph Bellamy. Ralph, it seems, in the script is a young man who has a propensity for stepping straight from one kettle of hot water into another. At the moment, the police are after him and in his case, one can truly say, with the French—*cherchez la femme*—for a woman was at the root of his getting imprisoned in the first place. And now that he's out on parole along dances lovely Fay Wray, desiring to escape the unwelcome clutches of that good-looking villain, Melvyn Douglas, and proceeding in the prettiest way to get Mr. Bellamy, who just can't resist females in distress, into the clutches of the law once again.

A knock is heard on the door of the boudoir where they are hiding out temporarily—only temporarily, for at this stage of Fay's career the Purity League could find no fault with her, whereas if they'd have poked their noses into her affairs a few years ago—yes, even a few brief weeks ago, they might have caught her living in sin with Mr. Melvyn Douglas, who had staked her to a musical career for which she had given all. But, fortunately for Fay, she had decided to run away just in the nick of time so far as the Purity League is concerned, and now poor Mr. Bellamy has to take the rap. . . .

But to get back to cases. The police are knocking impatiently on the door. Ralph knows that he's in a tight spot, so he snatches Fay into his arms for one long, hungry kiss. Then he rushes to a window opening on to a fire escape. I am just breathing a sigh of relief when—he turns around to gaze at Fay again. Hurry up, Ralph, or they'll get you, I want to shriek. But Ralph is apparently impervious to everything but Fay—no wonder he gets into these tight spots—and rushes back and kisses her once more. Then he goes to the window and this time he actually does step out. The director calls "cut" and Fay saunters over to me, her make-up as satin smooth as the moment she applied it, hours back, her colorful print frock clinging to her like the proverbial poem.

After "King Kong" and "Ann Carver's Profession" anything is easy for Fay.

Fay isn't needed for the next scene, which is a blessing, for you're feeling the heat from the lights even if she isn't. So you blissfully follow her into her large, airy dressing-room, where she proceeds without a murmur to change into a brown woolen dress with flame colored revers and felt beret required for her next scene. "Woman in the Dark," she informs you while so doing, is by Dashiell Hammett, the man who is guilty of writing such hits as "The Thin Man" and "The Maltese Falcon." Now you can't blame Fay for being enthusiastic about her work in one of his stories, can you? "Although," says she, "this is only the second time that I've ever played a woman of . . ." She hesitates, but I have no scruples . . . "a woman who's left the straight and narrow, you mean," I finish the sentence for her.

"Yes," says Fay gratefully, as she puts the finishing touches to the costume in which she is going to return to her discarded lover, Melvyn Douglas. But don't jump ahead of [*Continued on page* 54]





Does the Allure of Cleopatra Depend On Size?

Claudette Colbert Was Chosen for the Part and Everyone Was Satisfied Except Claudette.



OLD Shylock on his Rialto never desired a pound of flesh more than does Claudette Colbert on her patio . . . her Brentwood patio. In fact Claudette would like to have nine pounds of flesh. She thinks that Joan Crawford—who weighs 119 pounds, 15.51 ounces stripped—has the perfect figure among the Hollywood stars. She thinks that she is far too thin to have a beautiful figure, and that she ought to gullup milk and ovaltine several times a day.

But what Claudette thinks really doesn't matter. With practically the entire world going simply mad about her beauty—"The fame of her beauty rises like the Nile over Egypt, even unto the walls of Jericho" . . .*Cleopatra*—and with women of all nations haunting their masseuses and modistes to give them that certain Colbert chic, I think we might simply ignore Claudette's sneers. For five years, come what may, I have known La Belle, and for five years she has grouched about her figure. I only hope that in her next reincarnation she will issue forth as something resembling Mack Gordon, Kate Smith and the moon coming over the mountain. Then she *will* have something to grouch about.

Claudette goes in for sports—the outdoor type—which probably has a lot to do with her keeping those perfect curves. She swims like Neptune's daughter and can dive [*Continued on page* 66]

Claudette's Dimensions

Head	22½
Neck	12½
Bust	33
Upper Arm	9¾
Lower Arm	9
Waist	24
Hips	33
Thigh	19
Calf	13
Ankle	7½
Glove	6
Shoe	6AA
Height	5 ft. 4 in.

Studio News:

Survey of the Sets and of the Stars at Work

By S. R. Mook



John Beal, Beautiful Barbara Robbins and Ricardo Cortez in "A Hat, A Coat, A Glove."

"BOOTS, boots, boots, boots, marching up and down again," says Kipling.

"Sets, sets, sets, sets, weaving in and out of them," says Mook.

Chorus: "There's no release in the war!"

Great heavens! The number of sets I see month in and month out, it's a wonder any of them make any lasting impression. And yet I suppose the capacity for remembering beauty is inherent in everyone.

At Warner's

THERE'S that set of "The Dragon Murder Case" this month. It is one of the loveliest I've ever seen. A Southern Colonial house at one end of the stage, red brick façade, with green shutters, white pillars reaching from porch to roof. A walk curves around the front of the house and leads down to a swimming pool. At the end nearest the house the pool is banked with hedges and flower beds. At the far end are huge rocks and boulders and off to one side is a bath house. At the sides of the lawn are more flower beds and shrubbery, and dotted about the lawn are clumps of bushes.

Suddenly the cameras start grinding and Margaret Lindsay, in a pale, peach-colored, satin evening gown comes out of the house and down the steps. As she descends the steps she pulls out her handkerchief and dabs at her eyes. Just as she reaches the first clump of bushes, Lyle Talbot steps out.

"Oh!" Margaret gasps, drawing back. "You startled me!"

"I'm sorry," Lyle apologizes. He glances over her shoulder towards the house from which she has just come. Evidently he is brooding over something. "Is everything all right—back there?" he asks strangely.

"Why, yes—of course," Margaret assures him. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," says Lyle somberly. "Just wanted to be near you—to walk down to the pool with you. You don't mind, do you?"

"Of course not!" Margaret smiles at him with sympathetic understanding. "Come on!"

"Hurry up, you two," comes in George Meeker's voice from the bath house as they start off. "Get your suits on."

"Gosh!" Lyle says to me when the scene is over. "What a pal you are. You come up for dinner one night, I take you to the Actors' Frolic the next and that's the last I see of you until I call you up and ask you to go somewhere else. Why don't you ever call a guy up? This is Miss Lindsay," he adds.

"I think we've met, haven't we?" Margaret smiles, extending her hand.

"Several times," I snap. Nobody likes to get bawled out in front of a girl as attractive as she is. And then, in a crazy desire to show off in front of her, I turn to Lyle: "I'll be back after awhile and take you to lunch!"

No sooner are the words out of my mouth than I regret them. If any of my fellow writers hear of that I'll be run out of town.

I neglected to mention that "The Dragon Murder Case" is a *Philo Vance* mystery story and those concerned with it are:

[*Continued on page* 66]



Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard try to hold their own with the prodigy, Shirley Temple, in "Now and Forever."



Gertrude Michael in a good part at last, as "The Notorious Sophie Lang."

Little Shirley



Shirley — She's as natural as a kitten.

THINGS that frighten me most in this world are earthquakes, Connie Bennett, Fox studio policemen and five-year-old children. Either they are terribly sophisticated and give you a line of dialogue that might have been written by Ben Hecht and directed by Lubitsch, or else they say, "You're the big bad wolf. Get under the piano and growl." And there is nothing to do about it but get under the piano, where the maid has neglected to sweep for quite some time, and growl. If only one or two nasty growls would suffice, but no, I have to growl all afternoon—and spring too. I believe it is the springing that really gets me, for I am the lethargic type.

So, when I was told that if I wanted to eat next month, I had better go over to Paramount and see the "child wonder," Miss Shirley Temple, age five, do her stuff on the "Now and Forever" set, I was a bit dismayed. I had just returned from a week-end at Malibu, which seemed to have had more than its usual supply of kiddies this time, and I had been the victim of a couple of new horrors. I don't know why the little tots always pick on me.

First, there was the plump little four-year-old daughter, with the prettiest baby blue eyes and cherubic smile, of one of the screen's virile heroes, who greeted me with, "I know a poem. I know a poem." So of course there was nothing for me to do but sit down and listen. "Save your nickels and save your dimes," little angel recited, "And when you get two bucks come up and see me sometimes." Well, now, after all—but you just can't spank the little dears when their mothers are around. There's sort of an unwritten law about that. And then there was the precocious youngster of one of the screen's famous blondes, who insisted upon throwing sand in my face while she informed me, "Well, daddy and his new wife have split up. And after only three weeks. That didn't take long, did it?"

So, no wonder it was with fear and trepidation that I approached stage 5 on the Paramount lot. I may be old-fashioned but I still think that children should be natural and artists should struggle in garrets. They were doing a party scene when I arrived, and there were children and mothers and visitors from Texas all over the place. In the picture a Charlotte Granville, famous New York actress, was giving a farewell party to little Shirley at her beautiful villa on the Riviera. Shirley's papa was there, handsome big Gary Cooper, and papa's girl friend, Carole Lombard, lovelier than ever in a new coiffure. And there was the emerald necklace which Gary was going to steal and conceal in Shirley's teddy bear—and which, later, Shirley would find herself and learn that her adored father was a crook.

A new set-up was called for and a boom had to be rolled in, so there was ample time for me to talk to Shirley, Mrs. Temple, Carole, Gary, Director Henry Hathaway and various and sundry people who are connected with the picture—and one and all they were all for one—Shirley. She's as natural as a kitten and as sweet as an ingenue's smile. Shirley has not time for smart wisecracks (thank goodness) or Hollywood Sex Problems—she's far too busy thinking up new games to



Mrs. George F. Temple, mother of the movie prodigy and, besides, two boys, one eighteen and one fourteen.

Temple:—

By Patricia Keats

A Visit with the Cutest Kid in Pictures, on the Set of her New Movie, "Now and Forever," with Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard.



play, talking to "the other little girl," investigating the "props," and just generally radiating sunshine all over the stage. I've never seen a child with such a consistently happy disposition, and her mother says she has been like that ever since she was a tiny baby. The only trouble they ever have with her on the set is making her cry when the scene calls for it—it just goes against Shirley's nature. They put her in a chair in a corner, take "Grumpy," her teddy bear, away from her, and allow no one but her mother to speak to her. This is supposed to make Shirley melancholy, so she'll be "in the mood" for a dramatic scene which, when shown on the screen, will simply wrench your heart right out of its socket. Sometimes it works and sometimes it doesn't.

The other day when Shirley was getting "into the mood" for a scene, Buster Crabbe came in. "Sorry Buster," Shirley told him, "I can't play with you now. I'm being sad."

Like most children Shirley has "Dorothy," an imaginary little girl who always does things wrong, and "Poochie" and "Corky," two imaginary little pups who are always into mischief, so Shirley really doesn't mind so terribly much whether those old meanie grown-ups talk to her or not. But she is a child you can reason with, and most of the time she is quite willing to cooperate—so the other day when Buster Crabbe, whom she adores, breezed onto the set for a game of "pretend" with Shirley, she gravely informed him, "Sorry, Buster, I can't play with you now. I'm being sad."

Carole Lombard told me that she was frightened to death the first day she worked with Shirley (with my precocious youngster complex I can certainly appreciate that). Carole, who has been in pictures since she was fifteen, has worked with them all (and has carried the picture for most all, I may say) has never been frightened by a fellow artist before, but Miss Temple and her uncanny manner of remembering her lines simply had Carole down for awhile. Under Shirley's critical scrutiny, Carole went through one of her big scenes—and just because she wanted to show off, naturally she blew up in her lines. "Blew-up" is cinemania for "faltered." Shirley giggled and then ran and threw her arms around Carole. "Oh, you've got a Dorothy too, haven't you, Carole?" she said. And ever since then Carole and Shirley have been the best of pals because they have a "secret understanding." Every time Shirley blows up in a line—which isn't often, as she has a miraculous memory—she says: "That wasn't Shirley Temple, that was Dorothy." And then she'll wink at Carole, who has a Dorothy too.

Mrs. Temple is the most sensible of mothers, a quiet, rather good-looking woman with Shirley's quick smile, and unlike most "baby star" mamas she has never once tried to "boss" the studio or direct her darling's pictures. This has endeared her to all of Shirley's directors and to the studio executives. She was married at eighteen to George F. Temple, who is now the manager of a branch of the California Bank (and that's where Shirley's pay check goes every week). There are three children, Jack who is eighteen and George who is fourteen, high school boys, and both crazy about their kid sister. Shirley was born in Santa Monica, April 23, 1929, and from the time she was able to wiggle her little feet she started dancing. So the Temples sent her to a children's dancing school in Hollywood. There a "talent scout" from the Educational [*Continued on page* 62]

Gary Cooper draws a picture for Shirley while Carole Lombard looks on.



Shirley made "Little Miss Marker" with Dorothy Dell, who was killed in an auto accident. Her death was Shirley's first meeting with Grief.

"Never A Dull Moment"

Gloria Swanson Keeps Life, Love and the Pursuit of Happiness All in the Air At Once.

By Dena Reed





Always talked about, always interesting, never understood—that's Gloria.

WHEN Gloria Swanson gets to heaven, she'll have the angels doing cartwheels!

No, I'm not talking about her sex appeal now, but of her tremendous energy. After all, that may be just another name for sex appeal. Whatever it is, Gloria has it now just as much as she ever did—if not more so. The reason? In her own words:

"I'd say it was my love of life. I'm simply never bored with anything. The most trivial of incidents and the most tragic, are events to me. I can wear six people out and remain fresh as a daisy. I remember when I was starting my career, I lived with another girl and her mother. The telephone would ring and people would be coming in and out incessantly. Finally it got so bad that one night my chum's mother said she couldn't stand it another minute. She wanted some peace and quiet; she was leaving, she said, and her daughter could go with her or not as she pleased. The girl went along because she didn't want the old lady to be alone at midnight. Well, at about three in the morning, the front door bell rang and there stood the pair. They had had so much quiet in two hours they couldn't stand it, not after their hectic life with me."

As she spoke, her great grey eyes, which can be very quiet and very calm, shone as if lit with sudden emotional intensity. Her smile came readily—that smile which proclaims the warm human woman behind the queenly bearing. Watching her as she sat in a boudoir chair in her dressing room at the Paramount Theatre, where she was making a personal appearance, I found her a charming enigma—and what more can any woman hope to be!

She was dressed in a tight-fitting black and red gown, with a long train to increase the illusion of height, for she really is a very small person. I thought of Helen Hayes playing "Mary of Scotland" on the stage. Both these little women seem to possess queenliness. Gloria sat impassive and yet she exuded a certain fire which kindled everyone around her.

I say "everyone" advisedly. Her secretary bobbed in and out with messages. And an old friend, who is one of her designers, and myself made up the "audience" at the moment. Would Miss Swanson please talk for her public? Would Miss Swanson please autograph these photographs? Would Miss Swanson let the designer look over her stage gowns and allow him to tell her of some creations he had in mind for her?

Miss Swanson remained calm. She laid the photographs aside for a more convenient moment. The designer was told to help himself to a look at her wardrobe. Meanwhile we would "talk."

I realized suddenly the secret of her great sex appeal. Even her physical defect—that of a too-large head on a small body—is fascinating. Her eyes with their arched eyebrows light up with an almost Oriental expression. This, with her sudden smile, bespeaks an unconquerable zest for living. No wonder men are drawn to Gloria!

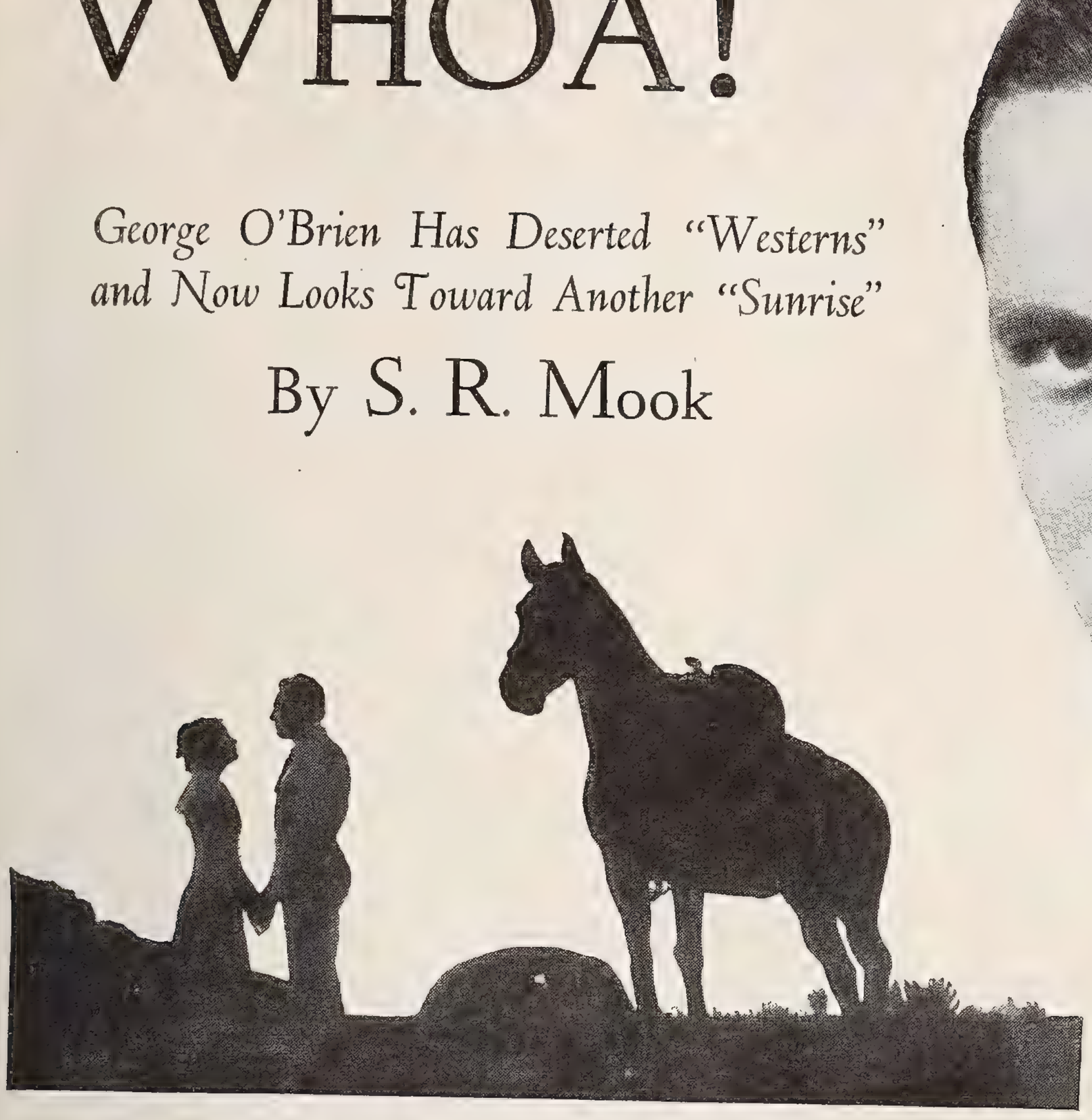
Four disillusionments such as she has suffered through her marriages would have felled the average [*Cont. on page* 62]

Gloria's "personal appearances" have shown that she is still a popular favorite.

"Whoa!"

George O'Brien Has Deserted "Westerns" and Now Looks Toward Another "Sunrise"

By S. R. Mook



After "Frontier Marshal," Sheriff George O'Brien arrested his career of arrested development.



George O'Brien. The day comes when an actor must refuse to play in any more "hoss operas" and resolutely turn from the trail that leads to oblivion.

THE sun dipped behind the hills, leaving the sky a mottled mass of red and gold.

"Cut," yelled the director.

"Wrap 'em up. Let's go," yelled the assistant.

There were the usual goodbyes, the usual protestations of undying friendship between members of any motion picture company, which are always voiced at the finish of a production.

George O'Brien walked over to his horse and patted him affectionately on the neck. "Take a good look around, old fellow," he advised. "It's probably the last time *you'll* ever see a motion picture camera."

He had just finished making "The Frontier Marshal" and the company had been on location.

Back in his dressing room an hour later, he pulled off his chaps and surveyed them contemplatively. "I wonder," he mused, "if I ought to give these to the Museum of Natural History? Or should I hang them over the fireplace in our living room as a reminder of a life that is dead and gone? Or maybe it would be better just to burn them and forget about it. Huh?"

"In the first place," I began, "burning hair and leather don't smell any too good and, in the second place, psychic though I may be—and am—I haven't an idea what the devil you're talking about."

"Hmm," said George. A moment later there was a mighty splashing and uproar in the shower and a voice, coming through the curtain, said, "Well, considering it's you, I'll tell you what I was talking about. I'm not going to make any more Westerns."

"The voice was as matter-of-fact, as unemotional as George's voice always is but I'll tell you for fair, his words left me flabbergasted. I was *that* surprised! Not make any more Westerns, indeed! Why, in the minds of the public, George and Bob Steele and Westerns are synonymous. First Bob deserted Westerns, and got to work on an aviation serial, and now George.

When I had pulled myself together a little I said, "What brought this on? Marriage?"

"No," said George, rubbing vigorously with a towel. "No, it wasn't marriage. It's something that goes even deeper than that.

"You see, up until the time the talkies came in, I'd never made a Western picture. I'd made, among others, 'Sunrise,' which Murnau directed, and I got some pretty swell notices for my work in that. But I've been in this business long enough to know that a 'Sunrise' doesn't happen every day—or even every two or three months, which was about as often as I made a new picture. I realized there'd be stretches when I'd be making pictures that would turn out to be run-of-the-mill program films.

"One of the first pictures I made after 'Sunrise' was 'Salute'—a picture dealing with life at West Point and Annapolis. It should have been a swell picture, but the cast wasn't entirely right, so it turned out just fair. That gave me an idea of what to expect.

"Well, suddenly there sprang up a great demand for Westerns. Mr. Wurtzel said, 'You can ride. Why not make a few Westerns. It will develop a new public for you.' It was all right with me, so Sue Carol and I made 'The Lone Star Ranger,' which was one of the most successful Westerns ever produced. Naturally, the company wanted another one after that. And then another and another. First thing I knew I was making nothing but Westerns. It was all right for a time. Every year I'd go into Mr. Wurtzel's office and say, 'Well, Sol, I'll make so and so many pictures this year and I want so and so much money for them.' And he'd say, 'All right, George,' and that would be that.

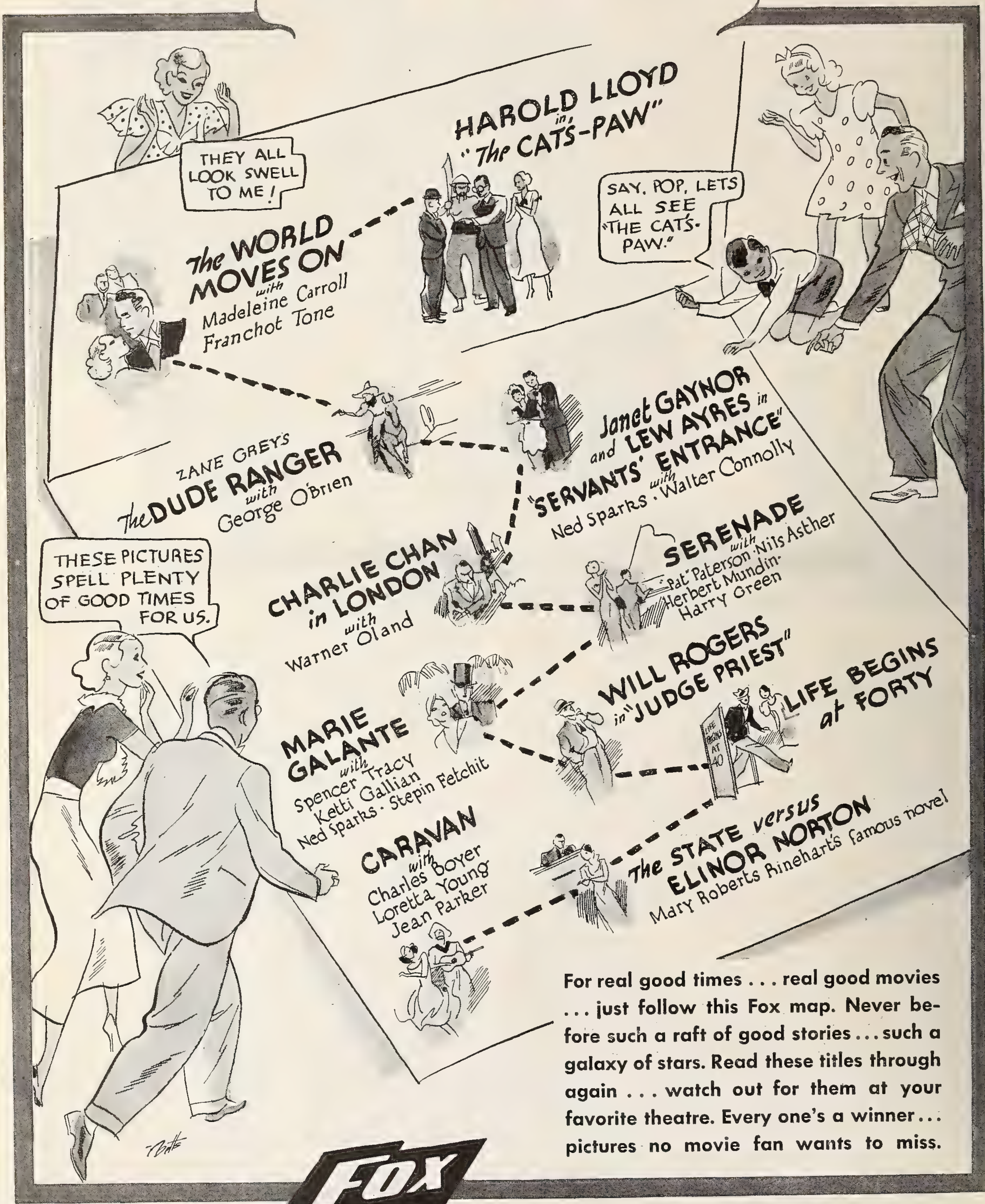
"But here's the rub: I like Westerns and I enjoy making them. But, at best, they're cheaply produced pictures and, as a rule, they're made in such a hurry you can't spend much time on details. They're designed principally for kids, so the stories don't have to be too plausible. Don't misunderstand me; we did the very best we could with them but it was impossible to make as many as we made and still get *good* stories *every* time. And that's bad for any actor."

George paused to pull on his hose and knot his scarf.

"Suddenly it occurred to me," he continued, "that I was getting nowhere as an actor. I was doing the best I could with

[*Continued on page* 58]

Here's your *Entertainment map* for the new season



For real good times . . . real good movies . . . just follow this Fox map. Never before such a raft of good stories . . . such a galaxy of stars. Read these titles through again . . . watch out for them at your favorite theatre. Every one's a winner . . . pictures no movie fan wants to miss.

FOX



Janet Gaynor, out sailing in a big yawl, enjoys the pull of the wheel as a freshening breeze tilts her craft to leeward.



Ray Jones

EVELYN VENABLE

HOLLYWOOD IS ALWAYS DEFENDING ITS CUPS

EVELYN VENABLE, with sheet close hauled and tiller to port, sails gayly in her own little "Rainbow." She enjoys hearing the chuckle of the wake at the stern and loves being kissed by the errant breezes.

THE Cup Defending fever has inspired Frances Drake to decorate her cute beach pajamas with yachts and pennants and a plaid effect made with appliqued cords.

Grimes

NORMA SHEARER

A MOST distinguished cast supports Norma in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Fredric March, Charles Laughton and Norma have each won the Academy honor at different times. March for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Norma for "A Free Soul," and now Laughton for "Henry VIII." Congratulations are pleasantly self-complimentary

"Stranger's Return" gave Franchot his moment with Miriam Hopkins.

an Harlow
nd Franchot
n a picture
that was fin-
ished once,
but the cen-
sors returned
it to the
studio.

'l Ball

Madeleine Carroll and Franchot Tone in "The World Moves On." They are better than the picture.

Joan Crawford and F. Tone in "Sadie McKee."

Constance Bennett as Iris March, and the poised Franchot.

FRANCHOT TONE

THERE is a distinguished manner about Franchot that speaks well for the culture of his native city, Buffalo, N. Y., and yet his charming smile is playful, gay and quite informal. He has had good breaks—and deserved them.

Famous Books Make

The Favorite Volumes of Your Library Have Climbed Down from the Shelf and Gone into the Movies.

AFTER one has finished reading the last page of a good story, how loathe one feels to close the book and leave these old friends. Ofttimes we re-read an especial favorite. The movies of famous books give us an added pleasure in permitting us to see many beloved characters come to life on the screen. This season a number of choice books will be filmed. Among them "Treasure Island," "David Copperfield," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and more recent best sellers such as "The Fountain," "One More Spring," "Work of Art" and "Life Begins at Forty."

Hollywood has come to realize that successful books deserve honest treatment, and rarely now-a-days does a "big executive" alter a famous story. But sometimes, when the story is fixed up with a happy ending, it pleases the book lover instead of offending him. Weren't you glad when in "Little Man, What Now?" the forlorn hero got a break at the end?

Elmer Fryer



Dolores Del Rio plays *Du Barry*. The famous courtesan has been the naughty inspiration for many books and plays—even pictures.



Herbert Marshall and Constance Bennett in the Michael Arlen story, known in book form as "The Green Hat."

Great Pictures



merset Maugham's "Of Human Bond-
ge" is a great book and satisfyingly
ng. Leslie Howard and Bette Davis
illiantly brought to the screen the
principal characters.







British Agent" is another Leslie Howard pic-
re, and this time Kay Francis plays opposite
m. The book occasioned much discussion
and is a true narration of events.



(At left) Una Merkel and Harold Lloyd in Clarence Buddington Kelland's story, "The Catspaw."

Pauline Lord comes to the screen as "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." ZaSu Pitts at right.

"Treasure Island" lives again, with Lionel Barrymore and Wallace Beery leading a distinguished cast..

Fashions From Europe!



Leonora Corbett, English Screen Beauty, wearing a Madelon Chaumet hat. It is pleated in front and turns up sharply at the back.

Diana Cotton, Gaumont British Junior Star, wearing Schiaparelli's gray woollen jumper suit for the Fall. It is spotted in red and white and the fullness of the yoke breaks into an original pocket for which a long piece is folded back and allowed to hang loose. The twisted belt of black calf is typical of Schiaparelli.

Dramatic cape of black and white shepherds plaid over a matching frock, worn by Veronica Rose. It is caught on the shoulders by two oxidized silver buttons. The waist coat front and cuffs are of oyster satin.

By Arrangement With Gaumont British Picture Corporation, Silver Screen Offers the Newest European Fashions.

We have enjoyed many pictures made in England. "I Was a Spy," "Be Mine Tonight," "Constant Nymph" and "Rome Express" won distinguished approval. They often displayed excellent fashions.



Note the stilleto fastening the belt. This Schiaparelli ensemble for afternoon has a frock of crêpe which is called "pave." The hat, too, is interesting. It is hand-crocheted in black and the brim at the back is turned up sharply on two sides. Worn by Diana Cotton.

THE last-of-summer-early-fall designs are largely tailored. The stars of the English studios pose for SILVER SCREEN in the latest fashions. Gaumont British Picture Corporation, Ltd., has taken advantage of its proximity to Paris, the fashion heart of the world, and secured for you the latest styles.

Hollywood Re

The Newest Cycle: Pictures



Anna Sten is making a Russian story for her second talking picture.

OGNIZES RUSSIA!

sian History, Intrigue and Beauty



Wallace Beery is to do a picture of Russia. The great team of "Hell Divers," Clark Gable and Beery, will be together in "Soviet."





spiracies and intrigues, where life gs in the balance, are a part of the y life in Russia. In "British Agent" e Howard and Kay Francis portray events that actually occurred.

mbassador Bullitt settled himself than Hollywood took Russia up umbia is to make "Red Square," k on "Soviet," with Clark Gable the cast.

Daughter of the Steppes, is to n," which is Tolstoy's "Resurrec- m. Meanwhile, "Catherine the Bergner-Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., n everywhere, and Marlene Diet- ss" is soon to reveal the same

e background of "British Agent," nowledged accuracy, this picture us interest. The Soviet films are spirit though filled with propa- e," the story of a boy's "Collec- c picture. Welcome Russia!



Marlene Dietrich as Catherine of Russia



PHILOSOPHER WILL ROGERS

A GLIMPSE of the charming Peggy Wood-Will Rogers drawing room, from "Handy Andy." Duncan Cramer, art director, conceived this attractive and livable colonial setting for the screen pair. The room is walled in pearl grey, with ivory wood trim, and the draperies of yellow-flowered green glazed chintz over white chiffon tieback curtains ruffled in white organdie, lend a harmonious note to the colorful room.



A STUDY in knotty pine. The linen draperies, hand blocked in an interesting floral pattern, together with the jade green carpet and hooked rug throws, give the chief color notes to the room. All hardware, including the lamp bases, is of polished brass. The English hob grate, with its Colonial fire-basket, the Colonial wing chair and carved Chippendale table, the heavy cut-velvet brocaded foreground chair, and the Duncan Phyfe globe table are authentically blended.

The flair for comedy that Dick brings to pictures has been overlooked because of his splendid voice. Joan Blondell is always there when comedy is ordered.

JOAN BLONDELL

DICK POWELL

RUBY KEELER

Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell are a natural team which won the fans way back in "42nd Street."

LOVE is a

Happy Couples Stay In Love.

SIR JAMES BARRIE, from t
height of his knowledge of hum
nature, once wrote that two peo
in love always smile at one anoth
That's how you can tell. In pictur
the happy smile of love may be all
the day's work and not mean any mo
than a crocodile's tears, but we like
think that a little real affection ste
in between the glaring lights, dodg
the microphone boom and dances
little quick step on the pulses of t
embracing lovers.

Cary Grant and Frances Drake in "Ladies Should Listen."



Helen Twelvetrees smiles upon Donald Woods in "She Was a Lady," and he certainly has the laugh on us.

"Here Comes the Navy" is a good picture partly because Pat O'Brien and Gloria Stuart know that a lover's sandwich is a kiss between two smiles.

Laughing Matter

The grim kind of love with clenched teeth—g-r-r-h—"You are driving me MAD!"—may be all right for tragedy, but for developing the suburban areas and building up the solid citizenry, we must establish that love is something to be enjoyed. And what can unlock the heart and set the bells in your temples to ringing like a girl in your arms who smiles.

So relax, let the cares of the world slip from those massive shoulders. Find the one who will dance down the road with you, and when you have the situation well in hand, smile at her.

From every studio come the stills showing happy lovers. The screen is spreading the word, a little love always leads to a little more. Chuckle and grin. Look in her eyes and make the most of this—the best of all possible worlds.

For love is a laughing matter.



"A Hat, A Coat, A Glove" gives Barbara Robbins, the newcomer, a smiling moment with Ricardo Cortez.



Trevor, in "Baby Take a makes love with gusto and Jimmy Dunn.



Reginald Denny and Marian Nixon make of "We're Rich Again" a warm delightful love story.



The smiling lovers in "La Cucaracha," a technicolor picture that Radio is making.

OLD FRIENDS

Five Players Have Returned to the Screen and Here's a Rousing Welcome!



Madge Bellamy has a new Fox contract and deserves it, too.



DO YOU remember the silent pictures of "The Iron Horse" or "Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl?" If you do, you may recall a big-eyed, little girl. That was Madge Bellamy. She worked for Fox then, and now she is back at her old studio again. She is only thirty-one years old. No one has such marvellous eyes as Madge. Of course Joan Blondell's are as big but Madge's are darker.

Jack Mulhall co-starred in many a picture with Dorothy Mackaill in the old days, and he has made a few talking pictures, but not enough in our opinion. Glad he's back.

Charlie Ray was the biggest, richest and best liked star that ever dropped out of pictures completely. But not *finally*, for here he is back on the screen.

A freckle-faced lad once had a million friends. Now he returns quite a young man—Wesley Barry.

Molly O'Day played a great part with Richard Barthelmess in "The Patent Leather Kid." She always could act. Now she has come again to the cameras.

Good luck to you all.

Molly O'Day—slim and lovely—with Ann Harding in "Vergie Winters."



Jack Mulhall working again in "The Notori Sophie Lang."



Charles Ray in "Ladies Should Listen."

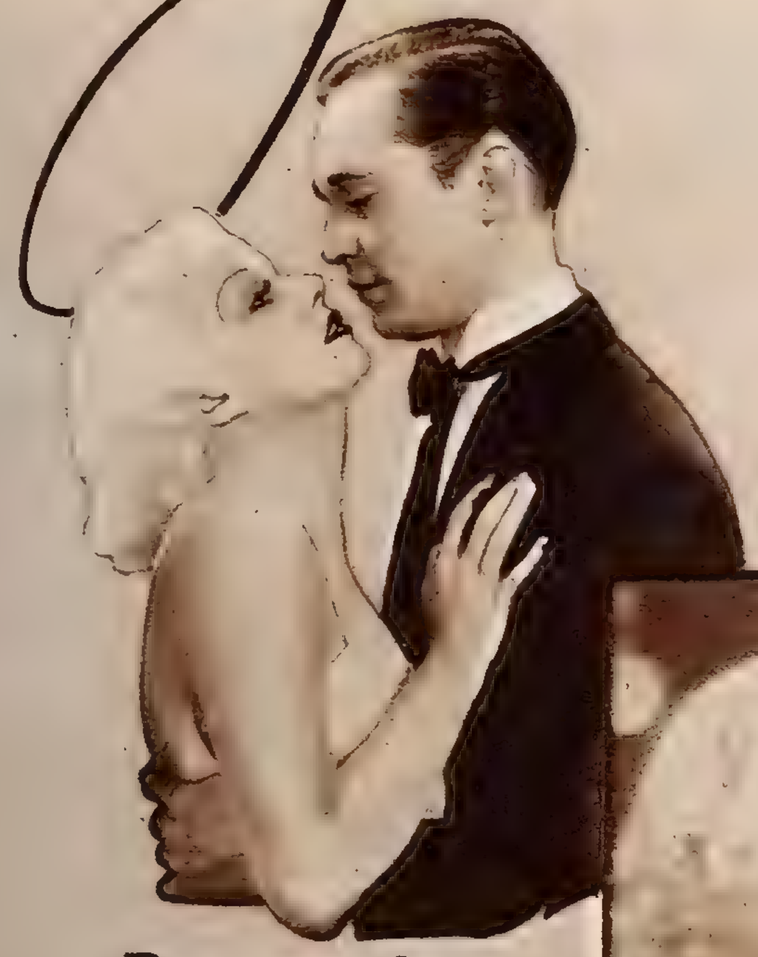


Wesley Barry also in "The Life of Verg Winters."

AT STUDIO, DINNER, DANCE OR BEACH

Jean HARLOW'S *Beauty Is Always Fascinating*

Would YOU Like to Share Her MAKE-UP SECRET?



"Born to be Kissed"

M-G-M Production
starring
JEAN HARLOW
with
FRANCHOT TONE

Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively



IN Hollywood, a genius created a new kind of make-up for the screen stars, and now for you. It is color harmony make-up, originated by Max Factor.

Imagine color tones in face powder, rouge and lipstick so wonderful as to enhance the beauty of your favorite star. Think of the beauty they will bring to you.

Imagine make-up so lasting, so perfect as to withstand every test in Hollywood's motion picture and social life. Think how your make-up will be solved.

Now you may share Hollywood's make-up secret. You will find Max Factor's face powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony for your type, at all stores.

POWDER...*You will note the difference in the caressing smoothness. You will see a satin-smooth effect like the beauty you see flashed on the screen. You will marvel how naturally the color harmony enlivens the beauty of your skin. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar.* **ROUGE**...*You will see how beautifully a color tone in rouge can harmonize with your powder and complexion colorings. As you blend your rouge coloring, you'll note how soft and fine it is, like the most delicate skin-texture. Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents.* **LIPSTICK**...*Super-Indelible, for lipstick must be lasting in Hollywood, and you, too, will find it permanent and uniform in color. It is moisture-proof, too...so that you may be sure of a perfect lip make-up that will last for hours and hours. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar.*



JEAN HARLOW'S COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP



Max Factor's Flesh Face Powder to blend with her fair skin



Max Factor's Flame Rouge to give a touch of harmonizing color



Max Factor's Super-Indelible Flame Lipstick to accent the lips

Max Factor
Hollywood

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Test YOUR Color Harmony in Face Powder and Lipstick

Just fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10c for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*... Free.

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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Other ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray check right above and here ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	Any ☐	

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How Helen Hayes Make

The Screen's Number One Actress Also Makes a Good Job of Marriage.



In the living room of Mrs. Charles MacArthur's (Helen Hayes) home in Nyack, N. Y.



The old Colonial house where Helen lives very happily—"We never bother with budgets," smiles Helen.



On the job as housewife.

LAVENDER and old lace—a garden full of posies set against the Colonial simplicity of a hundred-year-old house.

Not a *papier-mache* setting, my dear. Just the quaint, old-fashioned atmosphere of the little hideaway Helen Hayes has found for herself three thousand miles from the glamour and glitter of Hollywood's high life.

Up in the quiet hills of a small town called Nyack, New York, nestled against gaunt, whispering trees and blooming gardens, I visited Helen Hayes in her old Colonial house just before she departed for Hollywood to start work in "Vanessa," her latest picture.

It was with reluctance Helen was tearing herself away from Charlie. He had to remain East to produce "Crime Without Passion," his latest picture to be made under his own supervision at Astoria, Long Island.

Charlie is Helen's husband, you know, better recognized as Charles MacArthur, playwright and scenarist of distinction.

He's tall and dark and handsome yet he hates being photographed. Goofy, he thinks—because he was once a newspaperman himself.

Blonde and blue-eyed five year old Mary is their small daughter. Charlie keeps bachelor quarters while Helen is in Hollywood; she takes Mary along because the California sunshine is so good for her.

But what I really want to tell you about is Helen. The smallest person, boasting such a big heart, who ever survived the self-centeredness of filmdom's flickering foolhardiness.

Married seven years—and looks like she's going to stay married for life. For deep down beneath the grease paint and the flattering applause she hears on every side, Helen Hayes has found a philosophy which is as sound as the rock of Gibralter.

She wouldn't even recognize it as a philosophy if one should ask her about it, yet here's what she said quite casually when we were chattering about men and marriage.

"Of course Charlie and I are just like every other married couple on earth. We have our spats. We wouldn't be human if we didn't.

"But no matter how wrought up we may get; no matter how terribly, furiously angry we can get at each other, we always know just one thing. We want to stay married!

"We know that our marriage is a far more important issue than any incidental circumstance. And with both of us feeling that way about it, keeping the idea of our marriage foremost, we're always ready to make allowances. To forgive and forget. So that we can go on having each other, living for each other, sharing everything life has given us."

If you didn't know Helen Hayes as I know her, you might believe this to be merely a pretty speech, a sugary concoction of some high powered writer's dialogue. But listen to this, all you young married women who think your John or Henry or Bob is THE most awful person because he does annoying things in your well-ordered home.

Helen doesn't give a whoop if Charlie throws cigarette ashes all over the floor.

Her Marriage Happy

By Virginia Maxwell

She didn't even lift an eyebrow when he flung his hat on the parlor sofa and sat down on her best tidies with his soiled fishing trousers.

No, not a frown from Helen for any of these things. But when Charlie decided he would put the finishing touches to a high-priced decorator's work in their living room, and WHAT touches, my dear, well, Helen simply blew up.

The doors were painted an exquisite eggshell white, panelled in true Victorian beauty. So what did Charlie do but paste decalcomaniad flies in intriguing positions on these beautiful doors. We thought doors didn't look natural without a couple of flies hanging around them. And once an idea seizes this man MacArthur, you might just



Helen Hayes in her garden patch.



The radio is important, for Helen often goes on the air herself.

as well let him go ahead and get it out of his system.

So the doors—or one of them upstairs, at least—swarm with decalcomaniad flies of every size, shape and description.

After this orgy, Helen ran out of the house and flung herself in a rocking chair on the back porch.

"What CAN you do with a man like that?" she asked.

No one answered. Only his wife would know that answer. So Helen decided to let Charlie play hard and long at his fly-sticking game. But he was put down in the cellar, down where the bar and the playroom mingle with neighborly chumminess, to fly-stick to his heart's content.

He had a grand time with that fly idea. Then Helen saw how really funny it was; how terribly childish was this big, grown-up boyish husband of hers and she gave in.

She surveyed the murals with a tolerant twinkle in her eye.

"All right Charlie. Now it's finished. Hope you had lots of fun."

"Not yet," Charlie answered, without cracking a smile. "I'm saving two big whoppers to set gently on the butter next summer when your fancy company is here . . . "

Wow! But they understand each other. And everything is a laugh in that household. That's how they get along so perfectly.

It's always a little amazing that two highly-charged, dynamic people such as Helen Hayes, with her histrionic genius, and Charlie MacArthur, with his record of turning out hit plays and pictures (he wrote "The Sin of Madelon Claudet"—remember? And "Twentieth Century" and "Front Page" and a dozen other record hits) should have been able to work out their marriage with such agreeable results.

"We just live, that's all," Helen explained when I mentioned this fact. "We never have any plans that are deliberate. We

[*Continued on page* 64]

REVIEWS

Straight Tips on The New Pictures.

HERE COMES THE NAVY

Rating: 87°—THE BEST OF THE NAVY PICTURES—*Warner Brothers*

HERE it is at last. The one and only perfect Navy picture. And are you going to love it. Despite the fact that it is spectacular, stirring, patriotic and at times breathlessly thrilling, it remains throughout just a simple human story of two sailors who hate each other. Jim Cagney, as "Chesty," an iron worker in a Navy Yard who joins the Navy simply to get even with a guy who took his dame away from him, is the best Jim Cagney you have ever seen.



"Here Comes The Navy" is a broadside with Jim Cagney and Pat O'Brien fighting it out.

And Pat O'Brien as "Biff," the junior officer who hates Jimmy because his sister loves him, is simply swell.

Warners promise us that they are going to team Jimmy and Pat in more pictures and we certainly hope they'll keep their promise, for there never were two lads who worked together better than those two. And just to make things utterly perfect, Frank McHugh has been given a lovable, sympathetic part which will make you remember him as "Droopy" for long years to come.

After training as a sailor at Santiago, Jimmy is assigned to duty on the U. S. S. Arizona—the very ship where Pat gives orders to the gobs. While Jimmy is biding his time to connect with Pat's schnozzle, he meets a girl, a good girl who likes him lots, but who isn't going to put up with any monkey business, and of course the girl turns out to be Pat's sister. So the war is on. One thrilling episode after another follows in quick succession, with the Navy always in the immediate background. There are inspiring shots of ships at sea, their battle maneuvers, and the firing of the big guns, which is a thrill in itself. From the Arizona, Jim, now a hero but still bitter and full of hate, is transferred to the dirigible Macon, and there are scenes more exciting than ever before. But with all the spectacular goings-on, Director Lloyd Bacon has never once forgotten the human interest and comedy side of his story—and what fun it all is.

Dorothy Tree plays Jimmy's girl in the first sequences, and is very good as the chiseler who turns Jimmy sour on dames. Gloria Stuart, warm and lovable, plays Pat's sister, who finally has her way with that cockeyed, stubborn Jimmy. Maude Eburne, as Droopy's mother, gets in right at the end, but in time to steal a scene with her "snappers" (false teeth). It's a swell picture in every respect, so don't miss it.

YES—For Children:

"Baby Take a Bow"
"Murder in the Private Car"
"The Old-Fashioned Way"
"She Loves Me Not"
"Our Daily Bread"
"We're Rich Again"
"Treasure Island"
"Charlie Chan's Courage"
"Jane Eyre"
"Here Comes the Navy"
"Stamboul Quest"

NO—For Children:

"Life of Vergie Winters"
"She Learned About Sailors"
"Shoot the Works"
"Of Human Bondage"
"One Night of Love"
"Grand Canary"

OUR DAILY BREAD

Rating: 84°—BACK TO THE SOIL—*Viking Productions*

WELL, we never thought that digging a ditch could be exciting. But we're telling you that when the men started digging that ditch in "Our Daily Bread"—the ditch that would bring water to the parching cornfields—we started gasping with excitement and clenching the arms of our seat. Maybe it was the music, but anyway we haven't been so excited since the peons rose in rebellion to join Villa's army.

King Vidor (remember "The Crowd?") has written and directed a picture that is so simple, so honest and so human that it comes well-nigh to being great. He has taken for his subject a very timely theme: back to the soil. And under his magic touch the "earth earthy" becomes beautiful, humorous and extremely thrilling.

It's the story of the hour, the story of a city-bred boy and girl who have pounded the city pavements in vain looking for the job that isn't. They are given a chance to eke out a living on an old deserted farm, and there they hit upon the cooperative idea. The vagabonds of the road, the out-



The life of an opera star is the theme of "One Night of Love," and Grace Moore and Tullio Carminati play brilliantly.



King Vidor has directed a great picture in "Our Daily Bread," with Karen Morley and Tom Keene as the pioneers.

casts of the city, are invited in and given work to do. There are plumbers, stonemasons, carpenters, barbers, tailors, vaudeville entertainers, and even a first violinist. They "pool" their talents and their money and the community thrives . . . until the drought.

Great is the thrill over the first sprouts, and great the tragedy when the corn begins to dry up on the stalks. With this background, there is the love story of the boy and the girl, and the blonde siren who manages to disrupt everything as sirens always do. And there is one comedy situation after another.

Karen Morley, gentle and loving and a most capable actress, plays the girl, and Tom Keene is excellent as the boy. Barbara Pepper, something on the order of Mae West, plays the bad girl who almost succeeds in luring Tom away from his wife and his farm. Outstanding performances are given by John Qualen, Billy Engle, and Addison Richards. Don't let the fact that there is no Bus Berkeley ensemble in it frighten you—you'll find Mr. Vidor's ditch far more exciting than Mr. Berkeley's "By a Waterfall."



"Stamboul Quest" is a spy story with C. Henry Gordon, George Brent and Myrna Loy.

SHE LOVES ME NOT

Rating: 81°—PRINCETON MEN CAN TAKE IT
——*Paramount*

HERE'S good clean fun and plenty of it. Miriam Hopkins, Bing Crosby, and one of the swellest college stories you have ever met up with in your wanderings around the cinema. Oh yes, Bing sings, and Miriam dances—so what more can you ask. It's a honey of a picture, and you can take the whole family the night you go to see it.

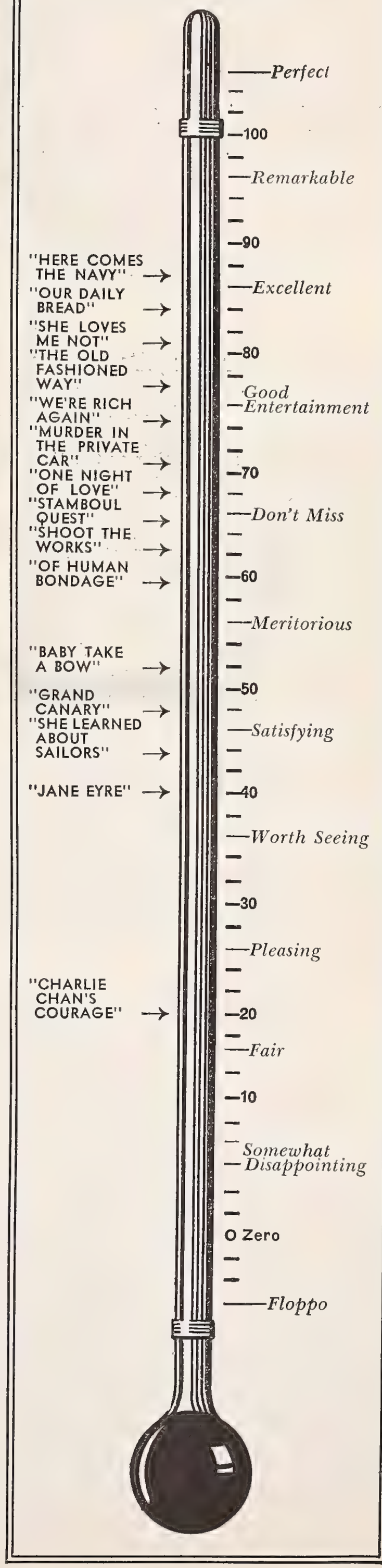
Miriam Hopkins plays Curley Flagg, night club entertainer, who finds herself the witness of a gangster murder and has to leave town in a hurry. She has only enough money to get her to Princeton, where finally she ends up in Bing Crosby's room. Bing and his pal, Eddie Nugent, are terribly embarrassed by Curley, but they are touched by the girl's story and decide that it is their duty to get a job for "a deserving chorus girl."

Eddie leaves for New York to see his father, who is a movie mogul, and Bing

[*Continued on next page*]

SILVER SCREEN'S PICTURE THERMOMETER

Degrees of Quality



is left with the dame on his hands. Things happen, fast and furiously, with the Dean, a press agent, a gangster and a society girl all getting hopelessly entangled. Curley gets her movie contract and plenty of pictures and publicity, both front page and newsreel, so she's happy. And Bing manages to get himself unengaged to a society snob, Judith Allen, and engaged to the Dean's daughter, Kitty Carlisle, so he's happy. Bing sings several songs which rather slow up the action of the picture—but merciful heavens, who cares about action when Bing sings.

Warren Hymer is swell as the gangster, and that goes double for Lynne Overman as the press agent. Henry Stephenson is the Dean and George Barbier the movie mogul. Miriam, swigging gin and dancing her night club routine in Eddie's pajamas, is just about the cutest thing our old eyes have seen in a long time.

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE

Rating: 68°—GRACE MOORE RETURNS—*Columbia*

A CHARMING, entertaining picture for the entire family. And if you love familiar operatic arias you will be in your seventh heaven, for Grace Moore is by no means stingy with her voice in this little opus, and no voice has ever before been so beautifully recorded. Her singing of the thrillingly exquisite aria from "Madame Butterfly" is something that you will long remember.

The plot concerns, most appropriately, the making of a grand opera star, and it has plenty of comedy and a lot of lovely music. Grace Moore starts out by losing a radio contest, but she has a few hundred dollars saved up so she decides to study in Italy anyway. Things get pretty tough there, so she finally accepts a job singing in a lowly cafe. Here the maestro, charmingly played by Tullio Carminati, hears her and coaxes her to come and live with him so that he can train her voice. He assures her that there will be no sex mixed up in it as he is quite weary of women, and has just had a tedious affair with Mona Barrie.

Well, it is all business for awhile, but Miss Barrie returns and jealousy rears its ugly head, and Miss Moore walks out on him. She is about to make a big flop her opening night at the Metropolitan in New York, but the Maestro appears suddenly in the prompter's box and Miss Moore goes into "Madame Butterfly" and gives an inspired performance.

Lyle Talbot, as the rich boy who wants Miss Moore to give up her career and marry him, has never been so perfectly cast before. He makes quite a hit for himself. Louis Alberni and Jessie Ralph are splendid.

SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS

Rating: 44°—THE FLEET'S IN AGAIN

WHEN the good old Fox movie moguls saw the preview of "She Learned About Sailors," they up and gave Alice Faye a new contract and decided to make a comedienne out of her. And you'll agree with them, for in this picture Alice shows definitely that she has a decided flair for comedy and that she is just being wasted when cast as a menace. Personally we've had a grudge against Alice ever since she launched that terrible song "You Nasty Man"—and it was with reluctant steps that we made our way to her preview. And that's where we got surprised—for suddenly we found ourselves liking Miss Faye tremendously. She's another Jean Harlow, platinum hair, figger, and everything—except that she goes Jean one better, for Alice can put over a song like nobody's business.

There's not so much to the plot of this little number. Alice is a nice girl who sings in a bad place in Shanghai, and when the fleet arrives Lew Ayres and the boys all go on the make for her. When Lew finds that Alice "isn't that kind of girl" he changes his tactics and they fall honestly in love. Mitchell and Durante, the boys who fall all over themselves and everybody else, are Lew's pals and try to help him with his romance but manage to get everything all balled up. Harry Green as Don Jose Lopez Rubenstein is very amusing—and, thank heavens, not so noisy as those topsy turvy boys, Mitchell and Durante.

CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE

Rating: 20°—WARNER OLAND'S OKAY—*Fox*

CHARLIE CHAN, that lovable Chinese detective from the Islands, is still carrying on it seems, but he'd be able to carry on much better if somebody would give poor old Charlie some sprightly dialogue for a change. In the latest Charlie Chan film—which was a thrilling Earl Derr Biggers yarn in the Saturday Evening Post once—Warner Oland again plays, and plays extremely well, the suave but cagey Mr. Chan. Warner certainly does his best to make it an engaging picture, but the fault lies in the heavy dialogue, and the equally weighty direction.

This time Charlie Chan is commissioned to deliver a string of pearls to Paul Harvey at his desert Ranch. He takes with him Donald Woods, the son of the jewel merchant, and of course Donald picks himself a neat romance. The pearls finally get safely delivered but not until there are a couple of murders and a kidnapping and a lot of mystery. Drue Leyton, as a movie location scout, is quite pretty and helps along the romance. A parrot practically steals the picture until the nasty murderer ups and kills him.

JANE EYRE

Rating: 40°—VIRGINIA BRUCE RETURNS—*Monogram*

WHEN she became Mrs. John Gilbert, Virginia Bruce, really the most beautiful girl in Hollywood, gave up a promising picture career to be a loving wife and bear John a baby. But love struck a rift, as love always does in Madcap John's home, so Virginia packed her bags and her baby and moved out. And now she is all ready to take up that movie career where she left it—more beautiful than ever, and far more sophisticated.

Virginia plays Jane Eyre, of course, in Monogram's translation of the famous Bronte novel, and is very lovely to look at in those old-fashioned clothes. Furthermore, Virginia sings a song and proves that her voice records beautifully. You remember the plot—or do you?—how Jane Eyre, the girl from the orphanage, comes to Edward Rochester's house to serve as governess for his niece. How she falls in love with the master and he with her, but runs away when she learns that he has a crazy wife (the marriage has been annulled however) locked away in the West Wing of the old Manor House.

The crazed woman escapes and sets fire to the house. In his attempt to save her, Edward Rochester is blinded for life—and it is then that Jane Eyre returns to him. It's all a bit dated, of course, but with Virginia playing Jane Eyre and Colin Clive playing Edward Rochester, there is plenty of life in the old book yet. Beryl Mercer, Aileen Pringle and Jameson Thomas have small parts.

SHOOT THE WORKS

Rating: 63°—THE OLD MOUSE-TRAP HIMSELF—*Paramount*

HERE'S a picture with swell music and swell acting and a formula plot that never fails. The one about the side-show barker and the actress who becomes famous overnight. But it's so well acted by Jack Oakie as the wise-cracking, swell-headed barker, and Dorothy Dell as the vaudeville actress who sings her way to the top, that at the preview we thought we were seeing it for the first time. That Oakie boy gets better and better, and even with all his cock-eyed conceit in this picture you just gotta like him. Dorothy Dell made a big hit with the preview audience when she sang "Dreaming with My Eyes Wide Open"—which was the last applause poor little Dorothy was destined to ever hear, as she was killed in an automobile accident the night of her preview.

"Shoot the Works" marks Ben Bernie's debut as a Paramount player, and we must say that "the old maestro" fares very well indeed. He starts out in the picture as a poor guy in a nickelodeon, who finally has the nerve to break with boss Oakie and go on his own. Beginning with a lowly Chinese chop suey joint (which gives him a chance to sing that nutty song about "chop suey and youey") he and his orchestra travel fast to the gilded halls of Broadway's swankiest night club. The boys play some hot music from time to time and Ben and Dorothy break out in song.

Also deserving of raves in this cheerful little opus are Arline Judge, as a gold-digger with a swell line of nice girl talk, and Roscoe Karns, insanely jealous of Arline, who is everything from a flag-pole sitter to a flute player in the Bernie orchestra.

OF HUMAN BONDAGE

Rating: 60°—BETTE DAVIS TRIUMPHS—*Radio*

WHEN the Academy gathers round its table next year to discuss "the best performances of 1934," Bette Davis' ears are going to burn. For you just can't talk about best performances without talking about Bette Davis' Mildred in "Of Human Bondage." There was never such an awful little tramp as Mildred, mean, nasty, deceitful, cheap, and you loathe and despise her from beginning to end—you actually breath a sigh of relief when she's dead—and Bette Davis consistently makes her the most thoroughly repellent person you've ever met on the screen. It's a swell performance; you'll hate her, but you'll have to admit she's great.

The screen version of Somerset Maugham's famous novel suffers somewhat in the transition—as most famous novels do. It's an interesting plot, well played by Leslie Howard and Bette Davis, and quite nobly and tastefully directed, but the full flavor of the book just isn't there. Somehow it fails to entertain. And becomes, instead of a great epic of a man's soul, a field day for Bette Davis. You know the plot, perhaps.

Leslie Howard (as Philip), harassed since childhood with a club-foot, has a warped outlook on life. He falls insanely in love with a cheap waitress who uses him for everything she can get and then tosses him aside like an old shoe. Invariably, when Philip is beginning to make something of himself, she returns and again drags him down—and again and again.

Kay Johnson is very good as the girl who loves Philip, but can't hold him when he hears that Mildred has returned. Reginald Owen is swell as a comedy relief—and a great relief indeed as the picture is not strong on comedy. Frances Dee, Alan Hale and Reginald Denny complete a perfect cast.

BABY TAKE A BOW

Rating: 52°—ADORABLE SHIRLEY—*Fox*

LITTLE Shirley made such a hit in "Stand Up and Cheer" when she and Jimmy Dunn did a song and dance routine called "Baby Take a Bow," that Fox decided to give Shirley and Jimmy a whole film by the same title. And a very good film it is. It doesn't pretend to be an epic, and it isn't—but it does try to be amusing, and it is.

[*Continued on page* 54]

MORE GOSSIP

"Little Man, What Now"— The Drinking Call of Hollywood

ROGER PRYOR, Mae West's leading man in "Belle of the Nineties" (which used to be "It Ain't No Sin" until the censors decided that "It" was a censorable word) received a bulky package the other morning which had him quite intrigued. Roger, who has gone in for gardening between pictures, opened it a bit cautiously but discovered that it contained a dozen plant bulbs, with a note, "I hope they come up some time." Roger knew exactly whom to thank.

BEING a father was just too much for Franchot Tone's Scottie, and the little fellow up and died. But the mother Scottie regained her health and sex appeal in no time, it seems, for Greta Garbo just can't keep her little pooch at home these days—he's always over at Franchot's house visiting with "Woo Woo." Joan Crawford, who lives only one block from Franchot, gave "Woo Woo" to him. Greta Garbo lives one block from Franchot on the other side and it seems that her little canine is trying to lure "Woo Woo" away. Oh, the intrigue that goes on in Brentwood.

CHARLES LAUGHTON entertains Norma Shearer by the hour, doing for her his famous impersonations of colorful London street characters.

THAT lovely sheen you see on Marlene Dietrich's hair is attained by sprinkling gold dust on it. (Not the kitchen variety.)

WELL, it's clan gathering time in Hollywood. Mae West's sister, Beverly West, has arrived with her new husband, Vladimar Baikoff, to spend the summer with her celebrated sister. Papa Jack, exprizefighter, and brother Jack Jr., arrived the month before.

And out at Toluca Lake the Crosby clan is gathering. Ted Crosby is looking over the sprouting on the newly acquired Crosby ranch. Larry Crosby has dropped down from Seattle, and Bob and Everett (Ev is known as the Wrong Crosby) have rolled in from the East. In a body they all turned out for the preview of Bing's last picture "She Loves Me Not," and gave brother a great big hand.

MARY CARLISLE has the hardest time of any of the Hollywood actresses trying to get a sun tan. She's got that peaches and cream complexion that doesn't mind burning and blistering—but just doesn't take to tan.

Mary attended the Marion Davies Benefit Ball with Dick Powell, and led in the applause after Dick sang, "I'll String Along With You."

BOB YOUNG'S neighbors are that glad that Bob has been called back to the studio to start work on a new picture. It seems that Bob had a birthday and that his wife gave him a series of piano lessons for his present, and his one-two-three-four was just about to drive the neighbors batty.



Wide World

The Famous Malibu Beach—playground of the stars—strictly private.

W. C. FIELDS, out on location with the "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" company was telling ZaSu Pitts about a car which had been giving him a great deal of trouble lately.

"What model is it?" asked ZaSu politely.

"There's nothing model about it," replied Fields. "It's a horrible example."

JEAN HARLOW goes in strenuously for cross-word puzzles while waiting for her scenes, and, while she was making "Born to be Kissed," had practically everyone on the set going nuts trying to think up words for her. Didja ever try SILVER SCREEN's puzzles, Jean?

GRETA GARBO startled the entire Metro studio the day before work commenced on her newest picture, "The Painted Veil," by appearing at the studio in a large picture hat (leghorn straw) and a gay dress rather than the customary beret and slacks. By the way, the week before the picture was scheduled to start, she appeared at Adrian's office for a fitting and was told that her director, Richard Boleslavsky, was there. La Garbo turned and fled. So Mr. Boleslavsky wrote her a note and left it with Adrian. It read, "Dear Miss Garbo, Why did you run away? I am far more frightened of you than you are of me. R. B."



Wide World

Shirley Temple and her "stand-in," Marilyn Granas.



Wide World

Carl Laemmle, Jr., gave a party. The lady is Binnie Barnes, the English actress now at work for Universal.

HOW STUDIO "MAKE-UP MEN" CREATE BEAUTY

"Attractive to Men"
—That's Beauty.

By Mary Lee



Gene Raymond and Nancy Carroll in the first still from their new picture "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round."

"IS THE loveliness of the stars of the screen possible to the rest of us?" I asked the big make-up man who has helped to make many stars.

"It certainly is. If . . ." he answered.

I listened carefully—for this make-up and cosmetic expert has a method by which everyone of us can profit.

Here is exactly what you must do according to his system, to be your own most beautiful self.

First, before you apply your make-up, you must have an absolutely clean skin. Cleanse your face and throat by your favorite method, being sure to include the use of a mild facial soap as well as your cleansing cream. Then, after you have removed the last vestige of oil, you are ready for a foundation cream. This is the first step in successful make-up on or off the stage. It is to your face what your clothes are to the rest of your body, a protection. He therefore recommends one of the heavy, protective make-up bases. It is the secret of the loveliness of the movie stars, he says. Practically everyone of them uses this type of cream under their make-up. You will find it in the stores under such various names as Protective Cream, Protecta, Windproof Cream and so on.

Open a jar of this cream to see its color. Select the shade which most closely matches your own skin. As it is heavy, use only the littlest bit in applying it, touching it lightly to your forehead, cheeks, nose and chin. You may find it a little hard to spread at first. Moisten your fingers with a bit of your favorite skin tonic or with just plain water before attempting to smooth it out. This makes it go on smoothly. Be very sure to blend it in well.

The second step in a perfect make-up is the determination of your color type. As this is a matter which sometimes sounds difficult, though it is really very simple, I am going to give you some pretty definite rules to follow.

First, let me look at your eyes. They are much more important than you have ever suspected. Are you one of the Blue-Grey-Green-or-Violet eyed girls? If you are we will call you a blonde, and make you up accordingly. Or are you Miss Brown-or-Hazel Eyes? If so you are a brunette.

There are four types of blondes. Which one are you? Well, if you have a very fair skin and black or brown or fair hair you are a Light Blonde and should use the following make-up to bring out your best features. A very light rouge on your cheeks, a lipstick which is one shade darker than the rouge, a powder containing a very little pink (usually called natural), blue or grey eyeshadow and a black eyebrow pencil.

But suppose you answer to the above description exactly, except that you have red hair. Then you are Titian Blonde and should use exactly the same make-up described above, using a brown eyebrow pencil instead of a black one.

If your complexion is medium in coloring instead of very fair, the rouge on your cheeks and your lipstick should match and be one of the shades usually called medium. Your eyeshadow should be blue or grey, your powder one containing a fair amount of pink, and your eyebrow pencil, black.

The fourth blonde type, who has the darkest complexion possible to a blonde, uses a medium rouge on her cheeks, a lipstick a shade darker than this rouge, a natural powder (but one containing quite a rose cast), black eyebrow pencil and blue-grey eyeshadow.

So much for you, Blue-Grey-Green-or-Violet Eyes!

Now for the Brown-Hazel eyed family, the so-called brunettes. Here again there are four types. Which one are you? Well, if your skin is as fair and creamy as is possible to a girl with eyes of this type, you are a Light Brunette and should use these cosmetics: A clear, dark rouge with a lipstick a shade lighter, but of harmonizing tones; a creamy rachel powder to match your skin, brown eyeshadow and a black eyebrow pencil. Should you have this coloring but be blessed with red hair, you are a titian and should use exactly the same make-up but substitute a brown eyebrow pencil for the black one.

Suppose your complexion is that of the medium brunette instead of the fair, creamy kind. Here is your make-up: A dark, clear rouge, with exactly the same shade of lipstick, a darker powder mixed to match your skin tones, brown eyeshadow and a black eyebrow pencil.

If you are an olive brunette you should use a matching rouge and lipstick, dark enough to look natural on your skin, a dark powder, brown eyeshadow and a black eyebrow pencil.

Let me caution you against too much rouge, Miss Olive Brunette. Very often you can omit it altogether.

This Hollywood make-up artist advises against the use of too much lipstick. Your mouth should be seen and not heard in the matter of color. Your eyes are ninety per cent of your attractiveness, he maintains, and should be played up as such.

Here are three tricks with eyeshadow about which you should know. Perhaps, as sometimes happens with even the prettiest faces, your eyes are just a little too far apart. You can make them look closer together by using eyeshadow the following way. Begin with the shadow close in on the eyelid very near the nose. Spread it carefully in an arc to the outer corner of the eye. And not a speck beyond. Be careful about this. Otherwise you will spoil the whole effect.

But you say that isn't your problem? Instead your eyes are a little too close together and you want a trick to make them look farther apart. Here is what you can do. Start your eyeshadow just the least bit out from the inner corner of your eyes, carry it in a point out toward your temples. Be sure that there is no shadow in the inner corners. This will give the illusion of wide set eyes. Practice a little before your mirror and you will find it a beauty trick well worth the little trouble it takes.

Suppose some evening you want to have that languorous, sleepy look with which the very best vampires are accustomed to facing the world. Spread the eyeshadow very close to the lashes on your eyelids and blend it so very lightly that it is almost invisible over the rest of the eyelid. Blend it out beyond the corners. This will give your eyes length, and make you look positively dangerous.

In case you are new to tricks with eyeshadow, always remember that it is used only on the upper lid. One little friend of mine, in her beauty enthusiasm, put some on her lower lid and made herself look immediately forty years older than she was. This is not to be recommended!

A Week-End With Joan Crawford

[*Continued from page* 19]

rounds of toast for canapes. There were mild cocktails for those who wanted them. Joan seldom drinks herself, because, she says, it only makes her cry! She wore, on this occasion, a sheer frothy frock which made her look like something with whipped cream on it. Her eyes, it seemed to me, were larger than ever in the candle light.

In the dining room candles gleamed on old silver. There were white flowers . . . not too many . . . in the center of the table. There was a fragrant gardenia at each place. If there are more than four at the table, Joan always has place cards which she writes and places herself.

It was made clear at dinner that Joan is *not* dieting. There was thick soup, a roast, buttered vegetables, salad with avocado (verra fattening!) and a positively architectural dessert.

Afterward we saw a picture in the drawing room. It was not, we agreed, a very good picture so we won't go into that. Then we played games. "Secrets" and "Guess Whom I Am" and other innocent numbers until a quite innocent hour. All the guests had gone and we were ready to go to bed before one . . . a record for a Saturday night in Hollywood and most other places!

"I have only two rules in my house," Joan told me. "One is that I decline to talk to *anyone* until after I have had coffee in the morning. No one is civilized until after he has had coffee. You ring for your breakfast and ask for whatever you want at whatever hour you want it. I get up at nine thirty on week days, whether I am working or not. On Sundays I stay in bed until twelve. I don't know why. I just always have!"

"What is the other rule?" I wanted to know.

She laughed. "Oh, just that I will *not* have people drop in uninvited," she said. "Tomorrow is Sunday. We shall have an easy, informal day and in the evening we shall have an easy, informal, buffet supper. But no open house! No one is welcome who has not been invited previously. It may sound inhospitable. But you don't *know* how you can be invaded!"

I did know . . . and sympathized, having lived in Hollywood for some time, myself. Joan, perforce, has her telephone numbers changed every few weeks. One phone has a private number which is known to business associates, to the studio, to the people who must call her on business from time to time. The other is known to not more than two or three intimates.

As a matter of fact, Joan was up and out at ten, despite her "Sunday-until-twelve" edict. I heard her saying, "Don't disturb Miss Walker. She may want to sleep." I scurried to a window. "What are you doing and may I do it with you?"

"Sun bathing," she called. "The best sun is between twelve and two. I give myself an hour on the front of me, an hour on the back and half an hour on each side. Then I feel like a little pig which has been well roasted on a revolving spit!"

I joined her . . . only I retired discreetly to the shade of an enormous umbrella, not being the glutton for sunlight that Joan is!

A servant appeared with a telephone on a long cord. I tried to look as if I weren't listening . . . Franchot? Or Francis?

"Oh . . . pretty well . . . spending a quiet day . . . they accomplished a lot yesterday . . . I am so thrilled . . ." Joan's throaty, contralto voice quivered. "Yes . . . I think we can really begin to work this week . . . no . . . singing lessons . . . I always have them twice a week, no matter what happens . . . I have finished the book you brought me and I want to talk with you about it yes, I think so yes . . . unless the studio calls me . . . all right, I'll see you then . . . yes . . . goodbye. . . ."

Francis, I decided. The maid took the phone away and reappeared almost immediately with a huge box of flowers. Roses and tulips, with maiden hair fern and pansies arranged over the long stems with deft florists' art. Joan looked at the card. "How very sweet!" she murmured, dreamily, and tucked the white square under the strap of her bathing suit. Later, when she dove into the pool, the little white object floated off on the top of the water . . . Joan didn't notice.

Back in Joan's bedroom, the cook appeared to ask about the menu for the next day. "Oh," Joan said, absently. "Let's have lamb."

"But, Miss Crawford, we just had lamb!" the cook protested.

"That's right, we did." Joan wrinkled a brow, put her mind on the matter and emerged with a menu which was a poem. "I'll do the corn pudding, myself," she added. "My very special dish!"

She was slipping a cotton house frock over her slim body. "I always wear these when I am at home in the day time," she remarked. "I pay $1.95 for them. When I work in the garden, I wear denim overalls."

Her lingerie is as simple and as inexpensive as the house frocks . . . most of it. She owns some beautiful, hand-wrought and frothy garments but prefers the simpler ones for ordinary use. Joan is so much a creature of moods! Some times she is as gorgeous as any fabulous princess in a fairy tale. But mostly her tastes run to crisp, fresh garments of almost childish simplicity.

As the cook retreated, Joan called after her, "I'll do the marketing, myself, in the morning." And she added, to me, "I love the atmosphere of a market . . . all the people buying food, buying the very essentials of living. Piles of fruit and vegetables . . . beautiful colors . . . the lovely, warm smell of a bakery!"

We called upon the children, played with the Scotties, inspected the garden. A special delivery package arrived. Some distant admirer had made something for Joan. We weren't quite sure what it was intended to be . . . a scarf for her to wear or something to hang upon the wall. The colors were a trifle startling. But Joan was touched. "The *work* she has put on it!" she said. "Bring me one of those new photographs," she directed the maid. "And a pen. I want to autograph a picture for her and mail it to her at once. I'll write a note tomorrow to thank her."

We dressed for the informal Sunday night, by-invitation-only, buffet supper. The group of guests was similar to, if slightly larger than that of Saturday evening. Joan waited, as is her custom, until we were all assembled before she made her entrance. A blue frock this time, with long, flowing sleeves and no back to speak of.

There was bridge, there was backgammon, there were anagrams. When anyone felt hungry he filled a plate at the groaning table in the dining room. Sliced cold turkey and baked ham. Green salad, lobster salad, tiny, hot rolls. Celery, green onions, radishes. A smoking . . . and really English . . . beef steak and kidney pie.

This gathering broke up even earlier than the one of the evening before. Most people in Hollywood must report to studios early on a Monday morning.

Joan was talking on the telephone when I invaded her room the next morning. "So I think you had better sell," she said, in tones of finality. "My broker," she explained. "Some times we disagree." Joan directs her own financial affairs . . . and does it efficiently, too. Somehow, you wouldn't expect it of her.

Joan was dressing to go marketing and I was preparing to take my departure. Phones rang . . . and rang . . . the studio calling about fittings for costumes for her next picture . . . invitations to dinner . . . Downstairs people were bustling here and there with tape measures and widths of white material. More flowers arrived. A secretary came with a brief case full of mail. I said my thank yous and goodbyes . . . and found my car in the drive.

White-overalled workmen swarmed about the grounds, making Joan's dream come true. . . .

Joan's busy week had begun.

Reviews [*Continued from page 50*]

WE'RE RICH AGAIN

Rating: 75°—THE RIMPLEGARS AGAIN—*Radio*

HERE'S a mad, hilarious comedy that will have you in stitches before the evening is over. It's slightly reminiscent of "Three Cornered Moon," but this time the Rimplegars are the Pages and they live in Santa Barbara and are on the verge of first class bankruptcy. But no one seems to worry about it particularly, except the process server, Edgar Kennedy, Mr. Page (Grant Mitchell) and Mrs. Page (Billie Burke) looking more beautiful and acting more delightfully dumb and fluttery than ever.

"Grannie" who is Edna Mae Oliver all done up in polo togs, dashes in and out with her boys and her mallets, and the two daughters, Joan Marsh and Gloria Shea, have interests of their own. Joan likes to read books and Gloria is all wrapped up in a swimming champion, Buster Crabbe. They're all mad, completely mad.

And into this asylum walks poor little cousin-from-the-country Arabella with her copy book maxim "Be good, sweet girl, and let who will be clever." Marian Nixon plays Arabella, and has never been more natural in her life. She gives a swell performance. Marian manages to turn the household even more topsy turvy than ever, but finally gets everybody straightened out again and, incidentally, captures Joan's rich millionaire for herself.

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY

Rating: 77°—FOLKS, MEET MR. JOE MORRISON—*Paramount*

YOU'VE probably heard Joe Morrison over the ether waves these last two years—he's the guy who started "The Last Round-up" fury, you know—and now's your chance to see him for the first time on the screen. Joe was singing with the George Olsen orchestra at the Paramount, New York, a couple of months back, when a bright young man snatched him and sent him to the Coast.

And, judging from the applause that greeted Mr. Morrison after his debut song in "The Old-Fashioned Way," at a preview in Glendale recently, that bright young man should be given a bonus by the Paramount executives and an engraved cup by the stockholders. In other words, Mr. Morrison is a "sensashun." He has a natural charm that's positively delightful, and when he sings Revel and Gordon's new song hit "Rolling in Love" you simply go coo-coo. And don't worry, Joe has a long term contract, and you'll be seeing him around.

All this rave about Joe is in no way meant to belittle Mr. W. C. Fields, our favorite comedian, who starts you laughing two minutes after the picture starts and keeps you going ha-ha-ha until the final fade-out. Mr. Fields is a riot. There is a scene at the dinner table where Mr. Fields is trying awfully hard to be gentle with Baby LeRoy (on account of his mother is the richest woman in town) and Baby LeRoy



W. C. Fields in "The Old-Fashioned Way"—a real comedy.

takes full advantage of the situation and does everything from dipping the Fields' watch in the syrup to making funny faces at him. You'll just pass out with laughing.

MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR

Rating: 71°—MERKEL AND RUGGLES, WHAT FUN!—*M-G-M*

HERE'S as gay a little murder mystery as you could ask for, and a guaranteed cure for doldrums. Nope, there's not even a place for a baby doldrum around that Una Merkel and that Charlie Ruggles. We always say just give us Una and Charlie and you can have all the comedians in Hollywood, including Von Sternberg. And, strange to say, even with humor running riot, there is still a pretty good mystery to this unpretentious but delightful picture.

Una and Mary Carlisle are telephone operators in a stock exchange, when suddenly it is discovered that Mary is the long lost daughter of one of the richest men in America and her father's detectives arrive to escort her to him in New York. Charlie Ruggles, who styles himself a "crime deflector," arrives on the scene just in time to prevent Mary from being kidnapped, and sort of annexes himself to the party, completely uninvited of course.

Weird things happen in the rear car of the trans-continental limited—weird things indeed—but we aren't going to spoil the plot for you by spilling any more. Anyway, it's plenty exciting. Russell Hardie, Mary's boy friend, also joins the party, and if it hadn't been for Russell and Charlie (who showed more sense than anyone gave him credit for) poor Una and Mary would now be shot to bits—but oh, we mustn't tell.

STAMBOUL QUEST

Rating: 66°—SPY STUFF FOR GROWN-UPS AND KIDDIES—*M-G-M*

HERE'S a first rate spy picture, which will remind you of the good old days when "Mata Hari" sort of held you spellbound. There's nothing hair-raising or blood-curdling about it, but plenty of light, humorous dialogue, exciting situations, and Miss Myrna Loy looking just too, too glamorous. Yep, Myrna is our favorite lady spy since Garbo didn't dance the hoochie koochie in "Mata Hari."

The story concerns the German counter-espionage system during the War of 1914, and takes place in Constantinople where there was intrigue upon intrigue in those days, due to the importance of the Dardanelles to both Germany and the Allies.

George Brent returns to the screen as the young American, who falls crazily in love with the glamorous Myrna, and he gives a smooth, engaging performance. Naturally he follows her to Turkey, and things get pretty hot there for a while for Georgie. This is the best rôle Myrna has had for a long time, and we never realized before what a beautiful and entrancing creature she is. More Loy, please.

GRAND CANARY

Rating: 48°—BEAUTIFULLY DONE—*Fox*

AS IS the case with all Jesse Lasky releases, "Grand Canary" is distinguished by its smooth and understanding direction, its well-nigh perfect cast, and its subtle artistry. In other words Jesse Lasky productions have, as Edie (who wus a lady) would say, Class with a capital K. But, unfortunately, it takes more than Class with a capital K to make an entertaining moving picture.

"Grand Canary," which was adapted from the novel by A. J. Cronin, becomes sort of a Grand Hotel when transferred to the screen—for we are introduced to about nine characters, all sketchily drawn, on board a boat on its way to the Canary Islands. It is rather difficult to become deeply interested in any of the characters, though each and every one of them is well played.

Warner Baxter plays the doctor who, branded as a murderer because his serum failed, is running away from England to try and find peace for his tortured mind. And Madge Evans, beautiful and sincere, plays Lady Mary Fielding.

Our "Wray" of Sunshine [*Continued from page 23*]

the story, for she's really only pretending to "go back" to him so that she may get some evidence on him that will free Ralph, whom she's grown to love devotedly since she first met him just twelve brief hours ago.

"Do have a bite of lunch with me," invites Fay cordially as she places the contents of a huge paper bag on a table. Your hungry expression as you gaze on those three huge rye-bread sandwiches, quite overburdened with ham and swiss cheese and lettuce, is acceptance enough—but, wait a minute—there's more coming. Two long beakers of malted milk! Personally I loathe malted milk, but I figure shrewdly that I'd better drink it bravely for the sake of those rye-bread sandwiches. The extra lunch had been ordered for Fay's secretary who, now that I have come, politely goes to the corner drugstore for her noonday nourishment leaving Fay holding the bag—so to speak.

Fay picks daintily at bits of her sandwich, while I proceed to go about the eating of mine in my accustomed healthy fashion—after all, I'm not a movie star and don't have to take the trouble of being too dainty—while we talk. At least Fay talks while I listen. She's accommodating that way. Always trying to keep up her end most politely, and so I have plenty of opportunity to look at her to my heart's content. And there's plenty to gaze at, I'm telling you. For Fay's a real beauty. Twice as attractive as she appears on the screen, and I can hardly answer her intelligently, what with guzzling that leviathan sandwich and taking sips of that dreadful malted milk and trying to drink in her beauty at one and the same time.

Mamma! Has that girl got eyes! They're large and clear and sometimes they're blue and sometimes they're green, and then again sometimes they're grey. What a predicament, our Pal Jimmy Durante might say. And those lips! Chiselled, I call 'em.

"You've got blue eyes and dark hair, too," says Fay sweetly while she nibbles. I blush and look important for a second and then change the subject quickly for I'm

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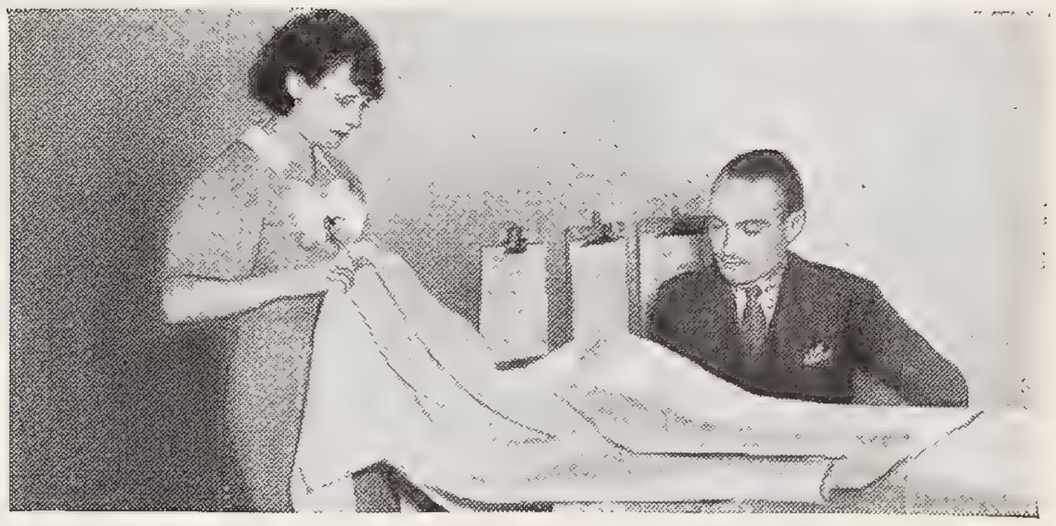


DOROTHY JORDAN, *petite young RKO-Radio star, has a big future ahead of her. Between pictures she loves to relax at her beautiful home in Palos Verdes.*

• "In Hollywood we wear washable things all the year round," says Dorothy Jordan, "and our one simple care for them is lukewarm water and Lux.

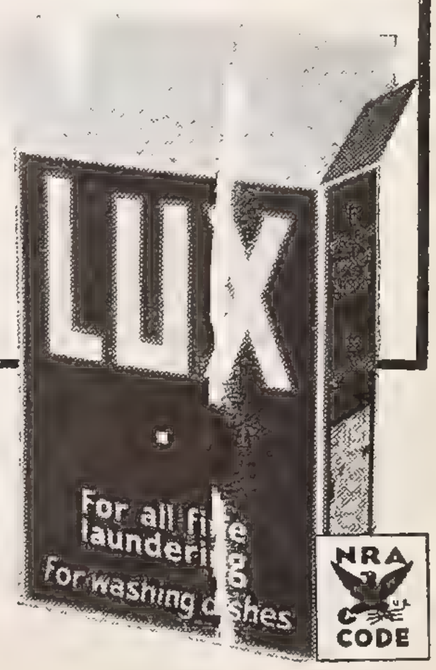
"Lux is marvelous for flannels, sweaters, dresses, blouses—lingerie and stockings, too. It is especially grand for knitted things because it never shrinks them. They come out wonderfully soft, and the colors stay lovely as new."

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"Lux saves us thousands of dollars," says Walter Plunkett, wardrobe director of RKO-Radio Studios. "We save on cleaning bills and replacement costs, for stockings and fabrics stay new twice as long. We find that anything safe in water washes perfectly in Lux. Not only costumes, but curtains, draperies, and even rugs are washed with Lux here. Lux keeps colors fresh, fabrics like new."



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funny that way. Fay tells me that she went Titian blonde in a misguided moment for a Technicolor film. That's why her hair photographed so light in "The Bowery."

"The Bowery" is Fay's favorite picture. She loved her rôle in that and she loved working with George Raft who, she says, has a marvelous sense of humor and is a grand friend to have—but, she admits he might make a relentless enemy for those who have the bad sense to rub him the wrong way. She loved working with Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper, too. Beery, she says confidentially, is quite temperamental. He likes doing scenes his own way and dislikes being told how. And Jackie, who follows closely in his hero's footsteps, is that way also. He has an idea that he can read a script and then work out the business of his own part in his own sweet fashion. And by jiminy crickit, says Fay (only she didn't use those words exactly), if he doesn't know best how those scenes should be played!

Jackie and she adore one another. They resemble a big sister and little brother act when together. He likes to tease her and pretend he's jealous of her screen lovers. I've a sneaking notion that he isn't just pretending either. Last year, when she almost got pulled out into the Great Pacific by an unexpected undertow, Jackie never got over kidding her about it. "I suppose you had a handsome man all picked out to save you," he scoffed. "I know women." Now, everytime Fay comes back from a vacation he mutters: "Well, did you get grounded again, huh?" To which Fay just shrugs her pretty shoulders and says, "H'mm."

Speaking of shoulders, you should see Fay's. Um . . . Um! After I dive into my second sandwich, I feel more courageous-like and ask her how she manages to keep so slim and yet retain all those lovely curves. I even ask her how much she weighs. A personal question from one dame to another, if there ever was one. But being on the thin side myself I have lots of nerve. Fay isn't a bit offended. "112 pounds," says she, looking me over with those deep, cool eyes of hers. "You could stand with a bit of weight yourself," she decides, "so I'll give you an exercise. It is one Dolores del Rio gave me, and it is the secret of that svelte, slim, perfect body of hers."

I am all eyes and ears in one minute as Fay stands up and shows me the exercise. It only takes a minute to demonstrate and I'd really like to put you through the paces, but I'm selfish that way and, after all, if there's a chance for me to possess a chassis like Fay Wray's and Dolores del Rio's, why should I let fifty million other females into the secret? Not me—or should I say, not I?—I'm just going off and get gorgeous all by myself.

"It doesn't do to show off your ribs to even an admiring world," proceeds Fay quaintly. "So, when I play in pictures in which I have to breeze around half-nude, I have to do something about it. I don't care particularly about eating, but just before I commenced rehearsals for "King Kong" I started eating like a little pig, lots of cream and milk and sweets and—" "Malted milk," I pipe in helpfully. "Yes," says Fay, the sarcasm entirely lost on her, "but that little exercise I showed you was half the battle."

My, are you getting curious! However, speaking of "King Kong," I ask Fay who did her screaming in that picture.

Fay is almost insulted. "I did my own screaming," she wants me to strictly understand. "Some of her screams were so realistic," adds her secretary who has just casually strolled in from the corner "that everybody on the set had goose pimples running up and down their spines."

I express polite surprise, having labored under the delusion that screams were generally dubbed in and that gentle stars like Fay would not be called upon to exert themselves thusly. Fay tells me proudly that she is a champion screamer. Why, out at Columbia, where she is under contract, they have a library of her screams, all neatly catalogued. At a moment's notice, when the action requires it, the director can have some of these screams run off for him in the sound room and choose the one that suits him best. *But* the scream chosen is Fay's very own.

A telegram interrupts our little tete-a-tete, and the boy says he was told to wait for an answer. Fay sends him away. "As if," turning to me, "I can accept a new part as quickly as all that. I've got to think it over."

"How can you make all these pictures, one right after another?" I query sympathetically, for, after all, the poor girl never is allowed to rest.

"Oh, I've unbounded energy," Fay answers sprightly, "but I've been wondering lately if I'm not appearing in too many pictures for my own good."

"How," I chime in wisely, "can it hurt you always to be in demand?"

"That's right," replies Fay with a smile. "Edgar Selwyn once told me," she continues thoughtfully, "that every picture I made showed progress and growth."

"He was right," I agree, but that night when I see Fay in Columbia's "Black Moon," I blush a little for shame and wonder if I haven't misled that sweet girl a little. For all Fay has to do in the picture is to look frightened, and once in a while she would call: "Mr. Lane, oh, Mr. Lane," in a scared sort of voice. As Mr. Lane is Jack Holt (in the picture), and although he always comes to Fay's assistance, I'm a little worried about the whole thing. Maybe she'd better go a trifle Garbo on us before the day arrives when she's left out on a limb, in a manner of speaking, and nobody comes to her assistance.

But Fay is anything but high-hat or picky and choosy. Ever since the day she demonstrated in Eric Von Stroheim's marvelous film, "The Wedding March," what a smart little actress she really is, she has proceeded quite willingly to play in dozens of pictures in which she just has to look frightened and inane. And yet Fay is always getting telegrams. Columbia, her mother company, hardly sees her dust any more—somebody's always begging to borrow her.

Fay's husband, the good-looking John Monk Saunders, is a writer. She left him behind in Hollywood to finish up an original script for M-G-M on Oxford undergraduate life—he once was a student there himself. "It must be wonderful to be a writer," says Fay eagerly. "You carry romance and drama within yourself . . . it can't elude you, because it's really a part of you. Being an actress has its shortcomings. You get all wrapped around a part—so much so that you feel you're really that character you're playing. And then, presto! Your part is finished and you have to shed your glamorous other personality without any more emotion than you might a crumpled gown. It's heartbreaking. I felt utterly woe-begone when my part was finished, and the rest of the cast was still working on 'The Bowery.' 'Ann Carver's Profession' had that effect on me also.

Now isn't it a shame to let an intelligent girl like this go around making screams for a library collection? Still, when you are as beautiful as Fay it really doesn't matter what you do—you can masquerade as the delightful Countess of Monte Cristo, try cases like the brilliant Ann Carver or utter piercing screams like the frightened little lady in "King Kong." Your fans will adore you regardless, and say with the poet Byron, who had some pretty nice words for a number of things: "She walks in beauty, like the night. . . ."



The day takes on a new glow—here's a letter! With snapshots of the one and only girl. The wonderful, wonderful girl . . . How important it is that snapshots can be taken, and sent speeding to their destinations, to make a young man's heart tremble and pound . . . So anything that improves snapshots is important, too. They've become much better since Kodak Verichrome Film came along. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

"Whoa!" [*Continued from page* 29]

the parts offered me but one was pretty much like another. There was no chance to progress. Not by the highest stretch of imagination can Westerns be called 'Art'—not even if you spell it with a small 'a.'"

"George," I broke in suspiciously, "if I remember correctly, I've been reading recently that there's no more market for Westerns. Did that decision on the part of the executives have anything to do with your decision to abandon them?"

George grinned. "No! To begin with, *I* think there'll always be a market for Westerns. Every year a new bunch of kids grows old enough to go to picture shows, and kids are all alike. They always have been and they probably always will be. And just as long as kids are kids there'll be a market for Westerns. Why, last summer, when I was on one of the smaller islands of the Hawaiians, I saw one of my old pictures advertised as 'coming in *two months.*' Can you imagine advertising a *Western* two months ahead of time if there was no market for it?

"And here is something else, wise guy, for you to mull over: A year and a half ago—long before anyone even hinted that Westerns were washed up, I went into the front office and told them I would only make two pictures a year for them from then on. I wanted to be free to make other pictures for other concerns. Unfortunately, my father was sick, and I spent the six months of that year I had intended devoting to Art, in Egypt in an effort to get him healthy and strong again.

"Prior to the decision to cut down on Westerns to two a year I'd been making three or four pictures a year, one right after the other, and then exploring the four corners of the earth during the balance of the time. There are few places I haven't visited. So, it also occurred to me that all this experience I'd had ought to be utilized in my acting. When we returned from Egypt my dad, my business manager and I had a few conferences and I issued my ultimatum: No more Westerns.

"I began to get offers. And then the biggest surprise of all came. Mr. Wurtzel called me in and said, 'You still have another picture to make for us. If you don't like Westerns we'll find something else for you. How'd you like to do "Ever Since Eve?" He gave me the script to read—I liked it and decided to do it next. It's released now, so you can see for yourself."

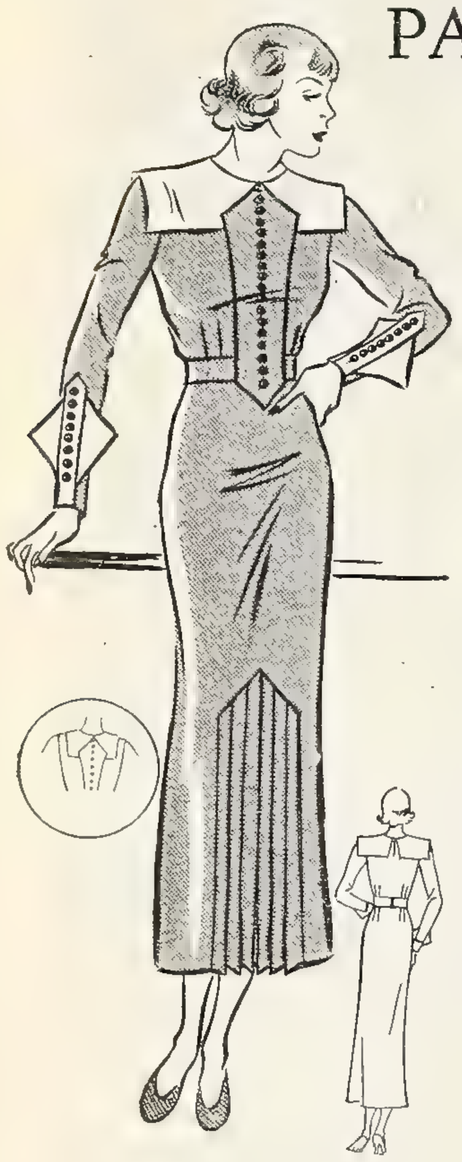
Once again George paused and I seized the opportunity to ask a question or two. "Will you be able to get other parts—not Westerns. Don't you feel just a little insecure about the future?"

"Dick," he replied earnestly, "I can't remember the time I have been so absolutely satisfied over the outlook. I've just signed a contract with Major Zanft and Sol Lesser for six pictures to be made over a period of a year. I'm making more money out of them than I've ever made before. Here's a kick. The papers are all signed and Fox will release them. If they hadn't made money on my pictures when I was under contract to them, do you suppose they would release my pictures when they don't have to?

"The first three stories have already been decided upon. One of them will be a late Zane Grey story, one by James Oliver Curwood and one will be a Jack London story to be filmed in Canada. There will be no more 'hoss operas' so far as O'Brien is concerned. There will be action pictures, however. I mean, I may do some of London's sea stories and possibly a picture with a Bowlder Dam background.

"Here's another thing that pleases me about my new contract. Not only am I privileged to name the director, writer and cast, and sit in on the story conferences—as I always have—but I am also privileged to make pictures on the outside—for major companies. That's stipulated in the contract. I can work for major companies but not for quickie outfits. At the moment I am dickering with both Universal and M-G-M. The salary question is settled and as soon as they can show me a script that appeals to me, the papers will be signed. How's that for an outlook?"

PATTERN DEPARTMENT



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Send for a Pattern and Enjoy a Hollywood Style.

THE schoolgirl type of chic is one type of chic that no one seems able to resist and Hollywood knows this. Have a look at the photograph of Bette Davis which accompanies this article. Aren't the cuffs the most amusing thing in the world? And look at the collar! That fascinatingly foolish long front tab that pretends to button on down the length of the blouse comes right up over it. Just in case you might want a smaller collar—not everyone will find the big one Bette is wearing so thrillingly becoming—the pattern provides for the more conservative size you see in the little circle.

Bette's frock is of dusty green bageera, but we should like yours in nothing so much as a rough black canton. Canton, by the way, is going to be the great fall fabric. For the collar and cuffs you couldn't possibly do better than to follow Bette's smart example and settle upon flattering white silk pique.

The pattern is ready, so send for it today. It is pattern No. SS119, and comes in sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 40. Size 16 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch fabric and ⅞ yard 39-inch contrasting.



Bette Davis is talented, and her excellent taste is revealed in this simple dress.

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Pattern of Bette Davis' dress (No. SS119). Size

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Galloping Bankrolls

[*Continued from page* 17]

lady who looked Junior Leaguish asked excitedly.

"If he did, I do not know about it," I answered.

When I said my next story concerned Joan Crawford, the circle around me closed in by two inches.

It concerned a conversation between Joan and an acquaintance. He asked: "How large is your house, now, Joan?"

She counted the rooms, one by one, on her long, supple fingers. "Fifteen," she finally added.

"How did you happen to do it over again, Joan?" he asked. "Hadn't you just finished redecorating it?"

"Yes. But I was sitting down stairs thinking, one night, when I happened to realize, 'Why, I haven't an upstairs sitting room!"

So the next morning, the contractor and his carpenters, Billy Haines and his decorators, arrived. Joan had just *happened* to realize she had no upstairs sitting room!

Her interrogator suppressed a smile and went on to the Little Theatre Joan has just completed in the back yard of her fifteen room mansion. "How many rooms have you there, Joan?"

"Oh, just the theatre itself and three little ones in the back of it. One for me, and a commissary and kitchen so if I'm in the mood to stay out there, the servants can come and cook my meals for me."

A room where Joan's soul can commune with the spirits that hover over the theatre; two rooms where the servants can supply easily the mortal wants while the spirits are communing.

From Joan Crawford to Lupe Velez was a natural transition because Lupe is just re-building and re-decorating her estate. I told of how I happened to drop in upon Lupe the day before she and Johnny traveled by aeroplane, so that Lupe might keep her engagements for recent personal appearances. Incidentally, Johnny had wanted to go by train so they could rest from hard work, but Lupe had insisted upon flying because she wanted to see the Tuesday night Hollywood fights. The extra price, not only of the tickets but of expressing her dozen trunks by train, was unimportant. The fun of those fights was!

Lupe was at the moment in conference with a man who was a salesman for church windows. She was ordering a leaded window for Johnny's bathroom. "I want designs he will like," she was saying. "Water. Seals. Seals on a rock. A ship. A Spanish galleon. That's it! With fish in the water!"

"We have no such design in stock, Miss Velez. We have some scenic designs. Here is one—"

Lupe looked at it. "That is beautiful. Marvelous. I tell you, you put that in my bathroom." She rang the bell, instructed her maid to send for her contractor. And when he arrived, "You will have to tear out part of my bathroom, again. I want this window in it. Make the window four feet by six. That is a good proportion, yes? Make the bathroom fit it." Then, turning back to the salesman, "but none of these will do for Johnny. I want him to see what he likes best when he is lying on his rubbing table—"

"It will be expensive to design one, Miss Velez."

"Oh, that's all right. You can bring the design to the aeroplane tomorrow. I will okay it there."

"Can you afford it, Lupe?" I asked.

She stuck out her tongue wrily for a second, then shrugged and laughed. "As long as I save enough for the government,

Pert new Hair Styles from Hollywood Hits

Easy to copy if your hair

is not TOO DRY *or* TOO OILY



Both dignified and glamourous is this coiffure designed for a mysterious lady who is every inch a princess! Can you imagine making that whimsically curled bang out of oily, stringy locks? If your hair is too oily, treat it with the Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo described below.



This sleek-soft coiffure was selected by an important star playing the role of a most intriguing lady. The turned-up curls must snuggle close to the head. Don't attempt them with harsh, fly-away hair. For too-dry hair, use Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo treatment (below).

To *correct* OILY *hair:*

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo—it is *made especially for oily hair.* This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

Help for DRY *hair:*

Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo is *made especially for dry hair.* It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.



PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for **OILY** *hair*

PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for **DRY** *hair*

Old as ANCIENT EGYPT New as MODERN PARIS



alluring eye make-up

History records that Cleopatra's greatest charm was the deep, dark beauty of her commanding eyes . . . eyes that were mirrored pools, their brilliant depths subtly enhanced with beautifully accented lashes.

Yet, with all her wealth and power, Cleopatra had only the crudest materials . . . How she would have revelled in having smooth, delightful Maybelline . . . the non-smarting, tear-proof, utterly harmless mascara with which modern women instantly darken their lashes to the appearance of long, sweeping luxuriance. Nothing from Paris can rival it! Maybelline's use by millions of women for over sixteen years recommends it to you!

Maybelline is now presented in a new ultra smart gold and scarlet metal case . . . in Black, Brown and the NEW BLUE. Still 75c at all leading toilet goods dealers.

MAYBELLINE, CHICAGO



THE APPROVED MASCARA

I don't care. Perhaps I go in debt, but what of it if Johnny can look at the sea when he is being uncomfortable upon his table?"

Somebody mentioned Douglass Montgomery. Did he save his money, or had he gone Hollywood, too?

"I laughed. "He's caught the spirit. Of course, the estate in Pasadena is really his mother's, although he's always sending her a new car or new pair of imported gates from Italy or somewhere for the *other* entrance. You'd think he'd live there, with such a beautiful home, wouldn't you? But he has one in Beverly Hills. He spends his time between the two of them, even though they are only thirty moments apart. And, of course, he keeps his magnificent apartment here, in New York City."

"But he hasn't been here for ages!" a broker exclaimed.

"I know. And may not be for years. We're going to keep him pretty busy in Hollywood. But, of course, it's nice for Douglass to have such a beautiful apartment to lend to Marlene Dietrich if she should decide to take that trip to Europe, and pass through New York. Nothing is too good for Marlene in his eyes, you know."

They laughed. "How much does he make?" the doctor asked.

"Twelve hundred and fifty a week, although I understand Fox has just offered him fifteen hundred for a picture he refused to make because he didn't like the story."

"Well, that doesn't give him much chance to save. Do any of them save anything?"

"Oh, yes. We have some very wealthy people in Hollywood. But you're all probably thinking about the mess of Valentino's estate." This led, naturally, to a story that I do not believe many people knew.

At the time I speak of, Valentino was six months ahead of his salary. Of course, he was always as irresponsible as a child about money. He spent thousands as though they were millions. But he was never more muddled about money than upon the night he received a telephone call that a certain very famous lady was coming to see him.

Rudy was excited. "Get a rug to roll from the door to the gateway," he ordered his butler.

"But sir, it's nearly midnight. No rug can be purchased this late."

Rudy was frantic. To have such a brilliant idea of complimenting a great lady and then to have a butler attempt to spoil it! "Telephone——" mentioning a famous Los Angeles department store owner. "At his home. Hurry! I will talk to him personally."

And before the lady arrived, a strip of Oriental rug stretched from Rudy's priceless, imported front doors to his equally priceless, imported, grilled gates. Her dainty, satined feet sank into its soft warmth with the same casual grace with which she sank into Rudy's arms as he came to the doorway to greet her. The bill for the rug was $4000; the service charge for opening a closed store and rushing delivery—$1,000.

The question of the extras and their galloping pocketbooks arose. Did the little fellow in Hollywood have the same idea about getting anything he wanted without caring what it cost him?"

"Those who rise to the top, do!" I answered and laughed. I had just thought of a story about Phyllis Haver when she was little more than an extra.

Although Phyllis had a steady boy friend —name forgotten, it was so long ago—she heard of a handsome newcomer who was staying at a downtown Los Angeles hotel. His name was Richard Dix. She and another girl went to the hotel and hung around but didn't meet him the first time. They tried again and, finally, a date was arranged. Phyllis was so excited, she was almost out of her mind. Richard had a red Ford, cut down into a speed roadster. To ride with him in that, she must have a new dress and a fur! She had no money. So her mother and a friend made over a dress while she went down and bought a fox fur for twenty-five dollars on *time payments*. When Dix called for her, they started for the Vernon Country Club to dance. It rained. Phyllis dashed for the dressing room to dry out that fur and the odor was so awful—she made him take her home because she didn't *dare* leave that twenty-five dollar investment lying around where someone might steal it and she couldn't wear it because of the odor.

"Is it true that Hollywood players have the biggest telephone bills in the world?"

Of course, telephone calls are always pet stories about Hollywood. Irene Dunne playing telephone bridge from Hollywood to New York with her husband, Dr. Griffin, so she will not be bored. Jack Pickford hiring an orchestra in Hollywood to play to Marilyn Miller in New York. But the one that tops them all is of a certain, now famous actor—and because he is married I could not tell his name—who has a girl friend in New York whose opinion he values highly. He telephones her each night and, when he is working, reads each line from his script for the morrow. She corrects his inflections—in fact, he memorizes them via long-distance. Perhaps a hundred dollars a night, but what is that compared to a $3000 weekly income?

"And what about their estates? Is it true they put millions into them. How do they expect to get their money back? There isn't anyone to buy them—"

"Their estates are marvelous. It is true that Harold Lloyd has an elevator in his home, one of the largest pipe organs in the world and one of the costliest rugs in his drawing room; that he has a real golf course, the finest play house for children in the world. It is true that Jack Warner has a cascade, lit by electric lights, in which the trout jump back up the stream. One star has solid jade horses as faucets for her bathroom? Dolores Del Rio has a special chair for her chow dog, who sits at the table with her and is handed his food by his special servant. There is a hand-hewn rock wall in Hollywood that is a monument to galloping bankrolls. A star, now trying to make a come-back, bought a piece of property, erected a $40,000 wall around it as a beginning, and then lost his contract. The wall stands there, a monument to the bankroll that was! He rides out there in his little old Ford and looks at it and wonders *when* he'll get a new chance and an opportunity to build the house he'd planned to go within it.

"As to getting their money back. They can't. And they don't think about that. These homes are what they want!

I was kept talking for many hours. I told of the time Gary Cooper bought Lupe Velez her first diamond bracelet. He had just enough money for a meagre payment ($100 down) and the bracelet kept him broke for nearly a year. But he used to point to it, shimmering upon her arm, and say, "*I* gave that to Lupe."

Also, I mentioned the time Connie Bennett had photographs made just before she left for Europe. The proofs were mailed to the boat. She sent a cablegram back okaying the ones she wanted developed. The photographer counted the words and discovered the cable had cost her more than two hundred dollars. When she returned, she argued about a fifty-cent difference of opinion in the bill for the pictures.

When Marion Davies sailed for Europe, this last time, she chartered the entire front portion of the great ship (decks and all!) so she could enjoy the personal friends whom she took as her guests, to be assured

of interesting company.

I described the great neon signs which lighted Tom Mix's estate. "With Tom Mix" over the gateway and "T. M." flashing forth from shaded corners all over the grounds. Neon lights come high, very high. And Tom is working in the circus to try and earn back some of his money. But he's remained true to the monogrammed tradition he established so many years ago.

"But what about these business managers? Aren't they stopping some of this?"

"Some. Business managers thrived upon the depression. But now, since hope is returning and the government has not taken away their big salaries, these managers are not *quite* so important. One had fifty clients. Now he has thirty-five.

Lyle Talbot was thinking of hiring Spencer Tracey's brother to handle his business. But, instead, he bought a new car that will take him months and months to pay for. Especially built; extra size. And when he brought it home, he found the garage of his home on Whitley Heights was too small, so now's he's hunting for a bigger place to fit the bigger car which he could no more afford than—well, than Max Baer could afford to buy thirty-five suits on fifth-avenue on the day after he won the championship. But, as he said, "That is not too many for a champion!"

When Max was in Hollywood, he used to hire hotel dance floors to entertain his women friends all at once. And he honored them by letting them watch him dance with one after another. Max has the Hollywood spirit—"

The doctor rose. "And when they lose that spirit I will stop sending my neurotic patients to see the movies! Hollywood isn't afraid of the future. They've all been poor once. If they are again, what of it? They're going to enjoy spending their money while they have it.

"Of course, we couldn't all do it. The whole world would be as romantically and fanatically crazy as Hollywood if we did. But we can do it *vicariously* through Hollywood. Although we can't do it ourselves, we can get almost the same kick by watching them do it.

As I left the party the dawn was creeping over those ridiculously sane buildings of New York City. I thought of Hollywood's crazy quilt landscape with Joan Blondell's house built on its wild, hill-top peak which a good earthquake would shake down in a moment—and probably will. I saw Malibou Beach with its empty "beach shacks" of a dozen rooms or more. Hardly anyone down there, this season. The fad for Malibou is over. They're migrating to the mountains instead of the sea. And the twenty thousand dollar shacks, built on land that was *leased* and could never be owned, stand there, monuments to emotions that have passed.

And suddenly, as I walked slowly past those sane, commercial minded buildings of New York City, I wished I'd told them of the story of Jack Gilbert and his room for Greta Garbo. Built at a cost of—well, he had a business manager, then, who threatened and wailed and finally lost his client. And the room still stands, dusted each morning, waiting for the possible return of the one to whom it was dedicated. A costly monument to romance. Jack's bankroll galloped a race with his emotions. He laid the world at her feet and has been living upon the memory of the thrill ever since.

And as I thought of Greta and Jack and the thousands he poured upon her, I knew exactly what the doctor had meant. I cannot remember a single horse I've seen walking along a street or plodding in a field. But I can remember several I have seen gallop madly—even though they galloped into oblivion at the finish line.

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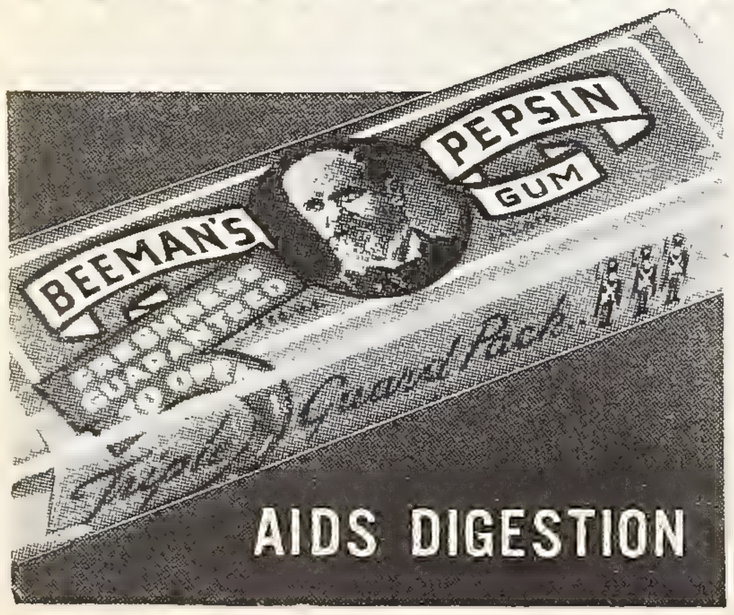
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Little Shirley Temple

[*Continued from page* 27]

studios saw her and signed her up for a series of Baby Burlesque comedies. Henry Hathaway saw her in the diaper burlesque of "Dinner at Eight," and Shirley must have been quite a cute young lady in her diapers, for Mr. Hathaway had her signed for a Paramount Western at once. And right there is where Paramount is giving themselves a kick in the pants, for, after the picture, they let Shirley go—and Shirley went to Fox and Paramount now has to "borrow" her whenever they want her. But we all make mistakes. At least six Hollywood stars went thumbs down on "Only Yesterday," which picture was a sensational success and made Margaret Sullavan. I always say whatever you do in this town is "Dorothy"—it's wrong.

Shirley's directors are always amazed at her ability to remember lengthy speeches, for most children have to agonize over a line at a time. Mr. Hathaway, the director, told me: "I'm continually surprised at her. She always knows her lines—and just how they should be spoken. Once a scene is explained to her, she not only does what is asked, but adds small details—by intuition—that make the scene better. I am convinced she has the mentality—not the knowledge, but the ability to learn—of an eighteen-year-old girl.

"Did Carole tell you about the spanking episode? Well, in the original script there was a scene in which Carole was supposed to spank Shirley, but the scene was rewritten and that part was taken out. But when we got ready to rehearse, Shirley, who remembers every line and every situation in the script, demanded that she be spanked. 'But I don't want to spank you, Miss Shirley,' Carole said. 'I like you too well. And besides that bit of business is out, thank heavens.' 'But it was in my script,' said Shirley, 'so I must have the spanking.' So Carole, to end the argument, had to administer a few dainty pats. Shirley is a realist when it comes to scripts."

Her two favorite games are "director" and "mother." She likes to play "director," with Carole as her star, and she has a great time shouting: "Miss Lombard, don't mouth your words." Carole will mouth and mug and Shirley will simply go into ecstacies.

But playing "mother" with Gary is the best. Shirley, of course, is the mother and Gary is the "baby." "Now take your finger out of your mouth," she will tell him. "If I catch you sucking your finger again I'll spank you." And Gary will take a surreptitious suck and they'll both roll over on the floor while Mama Shirley tries to spank him. You've never seen anyone quite as tender with a child as Gary. He is very patient with her and while waiting for new set-ups he often gives her a drawing lesson. Though she wounded his pride dreadfully by telling Carole that Gary's bear looked like a lion. Whether or not Shirley, under the Cooper tutelage, is going to become a great artist—besides being a great actress—is something only time will tell. But right now the best thing Shirley can do with a crayon is to put a mustache on "The Dying Gladiator." That was an inspirational touch.

Never on any screen has there been a scene so heart-breaking as occurred on the "Now and Forever" set the morning after Dorothy Dell tragically met her death in an automobile accident in Pasadena. During the filming of "Little Miss Marker," Dorothy and Shirley had become the best of friends—in fact Dorothy was Shirley's best grown-up friend, and Shirley was just as much at home in Dorothy's house as she was in her own. Dorothy loved "magic" and "pretend" and "director" and played dolls with her by the hour. There was the quiet, oppressive air of death about the set that morning when gay little Shirley skipped in and demanded that Gary's nose disappear. They had decided not to tell Shirley about her best friend, but during the morning her quick little mind sensed that there was something wrong and she listened to a whispered conversation between Gary and Carole and learned that never, no, never again would she see her dearest friend.

Death—that Thing that she didn't know about—had taken her Dorothy Dell. She burst into tears and Gary took her on his lap and patted her and consoled with her for an hour or more—while the tears raced down the cheeks of every man and woman on the set—but poor little Shirley had met with her first real sorrow.

Eventually the tears and sobs were stilled and Shirley—the show must go on—started the scene where she nuzzles her head against Carole's shoulder. But Carole's loving arms and sad eyes reminded her of Dorothy Dell and again she began to sob. The scene was taken and when you see it on the screen you will know that that day Shirley wasn't acting—her little heart was really breaking.

Never A Dull Moment!

[*Continued from page* 28]

woman. But they have left Gloria undaunted.

"They're part of life," she said philosophically. "One cannot expect to be happy always Heaven forbid! One must be either dull or insane not to suffer. But we learn through our mistakes."

About her impending divorce she was reticent. "Mr. Farmer loves to play," she explained simply. "I have to work for my children. No one works for himself alone. We all work for someone, even if it's our grandmother. I'm glad I can work for my children."

A distressed look came over her face when little Bridget Farmer was mentioned. Gloria looked straight ahead of her with misty eyes. "I'd rather not discuss her," she said.

The baby, you know, is the point of contention between her father and her mother. But Gloria will fight for her child as ferociously as a lioness fights for her cub. As in all vibrant people, her maternal instinct is very strong.

Her other daughter, Gloria Somborn, is in Switzerland with her governess. The older Gloria grew enthusiastic as she discussed her. Eagerly she showed me some pressed flowers which Gloria junior had enclosed in a recent letter.

"Naturally I miss her," she answered in response to my query, "but we have only the right to our children's infant days. I've always looked on Gloria as an individual. She is getting all the advantages I missed. Wouldn't I be selfish to keep her with me when she's getting a wonderful education abroad, learning languages, visiting art galleries and museums and cathedrals!"

We were interrupted by the designer who

had to rave about Gloria as a mother. Incidentally he told about a new outfit he was going to make up for her—a felt and straw hat with straw gloves to match!

"Isn't that amazing?" Gloria demanded of us. "I got the same idea myself and had it made up at the Coast. You'll see it when you look over my street clothes," she told the designer. It seems it wasn't the first time Gloria had gotten a new idea first! Which made me gasp, "You design your own clothes, too?"

"A lot of them," she smiled. "It's lots of fun. Where were we—oh yes, I was telling you about Gloria. I never believed in a mother shouting 'don't do this' without explaining why. Even when Gloria was a very tiny child I always let her make her own decisions.

"I remember once I was eating a frankfurter and roll richly decorated with mustard. Gloria wanted to try it. I said: 'Darling I don't think you'll like it. It's much too strong for you.' 'Then why isn't it too strong for you, mother?' she demanded. It was a logical question.

"I explained that since I was so much older than she, my mouth was more hardened and could stand strong foods, whereas hers was a young mouth and peppery things would burn it. 'But here it is,' I said, 'if you want it.' Naturally she took it and naturally it burned her mouth. Although she was about four at the time, she never forgot."

After the 'phone had rung and been answered for the 'steenth time, we got to discussing modern publicity methods.

"Naturally I like modern methods better. Who wouldn't? Would you like to feel as if you were living in a fishbowl? We always felt that way in the old days. The idea was to publicise a star until it reached the ridiculous stage. Everyone would know what kind of toothpaste I used. When you are supposed to live with the blinds up all the time, it's not very pleasant—nor is it pleasant to feel that people are looking through your keyhole. I've always talked to the press in general terms, but they've always translated it to personal terms. Nevertheless, I learned long ago not to let it bother me. In fact I'd rather read an untrue story about me and know that it was made up, than see in print a silly yarn that I myself, perhaps, gave out."

At the moment, she is most interested in the career which she never felt she had really dropped. "It may have seemed so when marriage or my babies interfered; however, from now on I don't think there'll even be a semblance of doubt about it."

If you've followed the stories of most of the stars, you'd realize how amazing this is. It is not easy to be accepted again, once you have left pictures. Gloria must know that only too well. And yet for her this is just another interesting incident in a life that is brimful of them. She is resuming her career where she left off. I think her mistakes are those of the heart, not the head. For she has turned down innumerable offers in order to work under the banner of Irving Thalberg, that master showman who has never had a failure. At first there was talk of Gloria's being loaned out to Samuel Goldwyn for "Barbary Coast." The day I saw her, her lawyer was conferring with Mr. Goldwyn's lawyer. "I doubt if I'll be in 'Barbary Coast,' " she confided. You could tell from her tone that she didn't want to be. And she isn't going to be. As to "Three Weeks," if Irving Thalberg wants her in that, she is happy; if not, whatever he has in mind for her will be all right. She trusts him implicitly, just as Helen Hayes trusted him when she entered pictures.

As if a career and children and love weren't enough, Gloria the glamorous has a new interest—the stage.

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Her personal appearance tour was her first taste of the footlights. "I was brought up in the school of silent pictures, where you were taught that motion picture stars were one thing and stage stars quite another. Now that is all changed since stars of the stage enter pictures, and most screen stars take time off for a play or radio work. I was pretty frightened before my first broadcast of a scene from "Let Us Be Gay," but strangely enough all fear left me when I was before the mike for the performance.

"As for this personal appearance tour, I was scared to death when my act was tried out in Staten Island. My knees were so weak I could hardly stand. I had planted my secretary out front, and I told her that if I forgot my lines she was to yell 'Fire.' Then I would interrupt my act and say in a soothing manner, 'Ladies and gentlemen, please keep your seats. There is no danger, I assure you.' By that time I hoped my lines would come back to me."

Gloria told the story with a twinkle in her eye, but I really believe she would have gone through with the plan if she hadn't known in her heart it wouldn't be necessary. And it wasn't. When the moment came, all fear left her. She remembered her lines and at the proper time plunged into her song. She was rather aghast to find the orchestra was about two bars behind her, but they somehow managed to get together and that gave her self-confidence.

"Now I'm no longer afraid of the stage. In fact I love it so much I want to do a play between pictures if I can, but of course pictures are my first love."

And the angels, whom she will one day get to do cartwheels, needn't worry for some time to come. Gloria finds this world much too thrilling a place to ever think of leaving. She prefers being a dynamo here, now and forever.



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Helen Hayes

[*Continued from page* 47]

let each day take care of itself and we find it works out very nicely."

Yet their home is not a slip-shod household. Not by any means.

The old house has been made over by Helen and Charlie into one of the most livable places in Rockland County. It is more than a home. It seems to be the haven of peace and comfort they both crave after hectic months in the maelstrom of Broadway's mazda belt or Hollywood's strenuous studios.

There is, for example, a huge old-fashioned living room with the kind of chairs grandma used to enjoy. Tidies and fringes and old lamps, electrified for comfort, the sort which one could glimpse in any little parlor in the gay nineties.

This is where Helen lounges around when she wants to be just herself. She has a small dressing room also, adjacent to her lovely old French boudoir upstairs—a little corner where she can apply her make-up each day in strictest privacy.

"I think that's what's wrong with a lot of marriages," Helen said suddenly as she sat before her dresser dabbing cold cream all over her face.

In a jiffy, she was wiping off her rouge, her lips, her eyebrows.

"Nothing quite so disillusioning than lack of privacy in marriage," she announced. 'Of course Charlie has seen make-up applied thousands of times in theatre dressing rooms. But what I mean is the idea of having it brought right into our own intimate, romantic lives.

"You see, we try to keep our home life—our social life—entirely apart from the theatre world. We forget all the lines other people have written for us and about us. And we're just ourselves—Charlie and I—when we're home."

In Helen's dressing nook, as she calls it, there are all sorts of creams and powders and lotions—those refreshing cosmetics every woman adores to use to make her more lovely. But these things are personal bits of feminine background and they are kept where they belong, in the personal privacy of Helen's boudoir dressing room.

I think the idea which the MacArthurs have worked out for antidoting a husband's moods might well be copied by every married couple who can possibly plan it.

Upstairs, far away from the other part of the house, there is a small suite set apart for Helen's husband.

It is HIS, exclusively. No feminine foot can cross its threshold while that door is closed. It even has sliding wood panels over the windows to block out the entire world. And only a maid enters, on very special occasions, to clean it up.

There, in that quiet, secluded sanctum, MacArthur not only sits pondering over his dramatic brain children, but he can lock himself in for days and days with no one to bother him when he is in that sort of mood.

"You know how wives ask questions about this and that and other things," Helen smiled. "I suppose it is annoying to a man when he is not in that mood for conversation. Men like to get away from everyone—to be by themselves and think. At least I've always found that true with Charlie, and I suppose nine other husbands out of ten feel the same way."

Charlie has his little electric grill, his cups and saucers and plates and canned things up there. I was one of the privileged few to glimpse the interior of this sanctum. It has a bed, a huge orange velvet chair and a wide desk, a desk typical of the newspaper man MacArthur used to be; bills



Jackie Coogan, who was "The Kid" years ago, has grown up to take Toby Wing out for an ice cream soda.

and notes and scribbled jottings all scattered together. On the floor a dozen or more half smoked cigarette butts, a scrap basket with every sort of thing stuffed into it, a clock which hadn't been wound for weeks and which was heavy with dust.

"No one dares to touch that desk," Helen's mother explained. "He came home one evening and started looking for a certain paper. It couldn't be located because the maid had tidied it up.

" 'Who in heck is so neat around here that they lose everything?' Charlie barked.

"We looked for hours. And finally found the paper in the file, carefully catalogued where it rightfully belonged. I suppose I did it, thinking I was helping him keep things right."

Perhaps the first rule was born in the MacArthur household that very night. No one ever touches his papers. And another argument in the married life of Helen and Charlie was settled.

"I don't believe we ever thought of rules," Helen laughed, when I asked her to outline some definite commandments for keeping marriage for keeps.

"We just like to make each other comfortable, I guess. That's the secret of it. We never deliberately tread on each other's rights nor on each other's little eccentricities. Everybody has 'em.

"You know how some women can fuss over things their husbands do? And men who nag their wives over little things? Well, we decided long ago that life was too glorious to take its bloom away by too much intricate detail of living.

"I think that flexibility of opinion is a gift which many married people might cultivate. Far be it from me to preach, however. I'm only relating what has worked out so well in our own marriage.

"For instance, neither of us could make a concession on what type of school Mary would attend. I had a very definite, firm idea about it. And Charlie was quite as firm.

"Suddenly, we began to see that we were reaching a stone wall. So what did we do? We merely flipped a coin and I won. Charlie lost like a sport and we laughed it off," she said.

"After all, it wasn't a frightfully important issue. Mary's future will take care of itself, I suppose. But how many women might cause a rift in her romance by being too obdurate!"

I asked Helen how two high-powered earning capacities, such as she and her husband both enjoy, affected the financing of their home.

It was a delicate, personal question. But the expression that came into her keen blue eyes was not bewilderment over anything quite so personal. Rather it was bewilder-

ment that anyone should ever even think of such a thing.

"Why, really, I don't know that we ever thought about that," she said, after a moment. "We just never bother with budgets or that sort of thing.

"Truthfully, I guess the answer is that whoever happens to open the mail and find the bills is the one who takes care of 'em. Sometimes I find myself checking out for household accounts and sometimes Charlie has that obligation. We just stick each other unconsciously now and then and neither of us thinks anything of it.

"Concerning Mary's future, we have, however, a little plan. Charlie and I both deposit a certain amount of money each week with a trust fund account for our daughter. So that when she's grown up she may use it to help get whatever she wants from life."

There is no place for petty jealousy in the lives of this charming couple. Yet it is amazing that two such desirable people should survive the studio atmosphere so successfully—the atmosphere where romance may be developed so casually.

Take Charlie MacArthur, for example. He typifies the perfect lover every Gypsy fortune teller might see in any girl's cup. Tall, dark and handsome and no mistake about it.

He's young and he's spirited and has a gorgeous sense of humor. Added to that he is eminently successful in his own literary career. So high has his star of success ascended, having turned out one hit after another, that scarcely a day passes when he is not besieged with invitations from Park Avenue hostesses, debutantes and dowagers alike desiring to honor him at tea.

Charlie has such rare balance that he simply grins whenever anyone approaches him that way. He'd rather come home to Helen and tell her the funny things that happened in the studio that day and hear her gay, infectious laughter.

She is an elfin creature, a living Peter Pan, who lives gayly and lightly and loves everything and everybody. That is the side Charlie MacArthur sees. And it is the Helen he loves to come home to when the artificiality of the studio begins to pall.

Lovely movie ladies have made love to Charlie MacArthur. He is too chivalrous to admit anything like that. But I have seen some of the glamourous sirens in action. And MacArthur still wears the same size hat he always did.

When Helen played in "Farewell to Arms," she did some romantic scenes with Gary Cooper. They were so realistic, so very natural that even the cast was amazed. And in the more famous of her pictures, "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," it was Helen herself who insisted upon having Robert Young play opposite her.

Yet the finger of scandalous gossip has never touched either Helen Hayes or Charlie MacArthur. Somehow, they have survived, so far, the pitfalls which Hollywood undertsands so well.

"I don't know," Helen laughed. "I guess the answer is we just like each other.

"There is no doubt that propinquity plays an important part in those romantic studio attachments. Stars wouldn't be human if they didn't respond," she said. "But when marriage is built on understanding, it has an excellent chance to hold on for keeps. One thing I will say is that we've never bored each other. Charlie has his own work and I have mine. And in both we have found a well of mutual interest which I hope never runs dry.

"Those are my rules—if you can call them that—for being happily married. Or perhaps I'd better say I'm just plain lucky in having Charlie as my husband."

And that makes it perfect, for Charlie feels the same way about Helen, too.

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The Allure of Cleopatra

[*Continued from page* 24]

from way up there, where only the Weissmullers and Crabbes dare to climb. She also plays a mean game of tennis for a girl—though it is only in the last year that she has become any good at all. Her brother tried to teach her several years ago, but gave up in despair. It seems that Claudett's idea of the game was to stand over on the side, and if the ball inadvertently hit her racquet well and good—but if the ball happened to hit the other side of the tennis court, well now, after all, she couldn't be expected to run after it. So her brother nicknamed her Lead-in-the-Pants. But now I may say that old Lead-in-the-Pants Colbert has become so proficient at the game that she swats 'em wherever they fall.

Another sport that gives beauty to the Colbert physique is archery. We call it the De Mille influence. For it was while Claudette was on location in Hawaii with the De Mille "Four Frightened People" company that C. B. taught her the trick of the bow and arrow. Claudette is so good at that sport now that she rarely misses a bull's eye on screen or off.

Studio News

[*Continued from page* 25]

Philo.....Warren William
Bernice.....Margaret Lindsay
Leland.....Lyle Talbot
Stamm.....Robert Barrat
Sgt. Heath.....Eugene Pallette
Markham.....Robert McWade
Mrs. Stamm.....Helen Lowell
Ruby.....Dorothy Tree
Tatum.....George E. Stone
Montague.....George Meeker
Dr. Holliday.....Robert Warwick
Greeff.....William Davidson
Trainor.....Arthur Aylesworth
Hennessey.....Charles Wilson
Doremus.....Etienne Girardot



"The Dragon Murder Mystery" is a Philo Vance story, with Lyle Talbot and Margaret Lindsay in the romantic rôles.

Next comes "British Agent." If I didn't tell you, would you ever guess this picture has a war background? It was a swell book, though, and it's the picture Barbara Stanwyck got put in the doghouse for refusing to do. She liked the book but considered it a man's picture. Kay Francis is doing the part, instead. Poor Kay. Everything nobody else wants around that studio, Kay has to do. She did "Wonder Bar" because nobody else would. She did "Dr. Monica" because Chatterton wouldn't. And now this. She's not working today, though.

The set is an attic in Moscow. There are boxes and benches, with rifles piled high on them and leaning up against them. At the extreme left is a table with a lamp, some instruments, a telephone, books and papers on it. Directly over it, a large map is hung on the wall with different colored pins in it. Phillip Reed is sitting on the table, William Gargan is sitting in front of it and Leslie Howard at the end opposite Reed.

Gargan is dolled up in an American officer's uniform—or maybe it's his riding habit—and the others are in civilian clothes—with their coats off.

The telegraph instrument is clicking steadily and Gargan is taking it down, handing the sheets over to Howard to decode. "From Kromuloff," he mutters, "from Kiev."

"Locke's army has deserted," Howard informs them a moment later.

Reed begins to grow hysterical.

"Everything is certainly working out just lovely," Bill observes sourly.

"What are we going to do?" Reed asks.

"There's only one thing to do," Howard says. "Wait and see if Tito has been able to find Zvobodu—there may be some explanation for this."

"It better be a good one or there's only one place where we'll find this little rebellion of ours," says Bill, "and that's up the flue."

"It's Lenin," Howard speculates, nervously tapping the table. "He's the brains of the Soviet. If he'd only make one mistake—relax his grip for twenty-four hours, the whole government would go to pieces."

"Un-huh," Bill agrees dryly, through his chewing gum, "and a nice earthquake with a tidal wave would help, too—but it's sort of a long shot."

There is the sound of footsteps on the stairs. Reed jumps to go to the door but Bill is ahead of him. "I'll go," he says.

"Oh," says Gargan catching sight of me when the scene is finished. "You're the guy who was going riding with me, eh? But you're so damned independent you can't be bothered calling me, eh?"

"Oh, well," I always say, "the best way to treat an insult is to pretend not to hear it." I leave Mr. Gargan and his cast without a qualm. If you're interested in the cast, here 'tis:

Medill.....William Gargan
Stephen Locke.....Leslie Howard
Elean.....Kay Francis
LeFarge.....Phillip Reed
Pavlov.....Irving Pichel
Stanley.....Walter Byron
Evans.....Ivan Simpson
Sir Walter Carrister.....
Halliwell Hobbes
Farmer.....Arthur Aylesworth
Commissioner for War.....
J. Carroll Naish
Del Val.....Caesar Romero
DeVigney.....Alphonse Ethier
Lenin.....Tenen Holtz
Lady Carrister.....Doris Lloyd
Maria.....Marina Schubert



"British Agent," the picture made from the best seller, is a story of intrigue in Russia. In this scene Phillip Reed and William Gargan are shown with the hero, Leslie Howard.

Next door "Kansas City Princess" is shooting. Ordinarily I'd be carrying a grouch that wouldn't wear off for a month, after all I've been through, but Blondell is in this picture and I defy anyone to be grouchy around Joan. Warner Brothers' whole comedy crew is on this picture. Look:

Rosie.....Joan Blondell
Marie.....Glenda Farrell
Junior Ashcraft.....Hugh Herbert
Dynamite.....Robert Armstrong
Jimmy, the Dude...Gordon Westcott
Marcel Duryea.....Osgood Perkins
Sam Weller.....Hobart Cavanaugh
Quincy.....Vince Barnett
Dr. Sacha Pilnikoff....Ivan Lebedeff
Jim Cameron.....T. Roy Barnes
Greenway.....Arthur Hoyt

"You look marvelous, Joan," I burble, catching sight of her.

"How about lunch?" George Barnes begins.

George and Joan are probably the most hospitable people on earth. That anyone could be content just to talk to them, they never believe. They're always plying you with food and drink.

But I regretfully remember how rash I was when I was talking to Lyle, and politely decline, thoughtfully adding I'd be glad to come some other day.

"Ducky set, isn't it?" Joan asks.

That's another thing about Joan. Whatever picture she happens to be working on is always her best, as far as she is concerned. The set in question is nothing out of the ordinary. It's a suite on an ocean liner. There are flowers everywhere you look, and on a small centre table is a basket of fruit. Otherwise, it's just like every other suite on every other liner you've ever seen. Authentic and what you might call neat but not gaudy.

Howard Ogle, who helped put the Brass Rail over, is fussing around with some luggage, over in a corner.

"Say, Howard," I say, "do you 'spose you could get this luggage at half price for me when the picture is over?"

"Nifty, isn't it?" Howard comes back. Then, "No, I guess not. The studio only rents it."

Anyhow, they start shooting the scene and everyone's attention is focussed on that. Bill Keighley is directing it. Bill may not be the most spectacular director in Hollywood but he's one of the nicest. He's by way of being a gentleman.

But to get on with the plot. It's Hughie Herbert's stateroom, but suddenly the door opens and Bob Armstrong comes in. He looks around, walks over to the table, picks up a juicy peach and starts munching it—quite audibly—and juice drips all over everything. Suddenly he hears Hughie coming and ducks behind the wardrobe trunk

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Antoinette

SCHOOL of PERSONAL CHARM

Hollywood-California

I was admiring. Hughie pauses by a box of candy on the desk near the door (I overlooked that at first) shakes his head negatively and saunters over to the table. He picks up a banana. He has peeled it and is just about to take a bite when suddenly Bob leaps upon him, throws him down, straddles him and brandishes a revolver in his face.

"See that?" Bob demands. "I could knock you off and push your body in the lake (motioning towards the porthole), and nobody'd ever see you again but the fishes. Ain't that right?"

Hughie, looking very much like a frightened rabbit, nods vigorously.

"Now, get this, Mr. Ashcraft," Bob admonishes him, as he suddenly becomes businesslike, "I just wanted to prove what a pushover you'd be for a snatch or a stick-up. A millionaire like you—travelin' around cities like Paris and Europe. You're liable to get knocked off any minute. Ain't that right?"



A scene from "Kansas City Princess," showing Robert Armstrong scaring the daylights out of Hugh Herbert for the ultimate glorification of Joan Blondell, the star.

Poor Hughie's head bobs up and down as he blinks.

"What you need," Bob sums it up triumphantly, "is a bodyguard." Unthinkingly he points the pistol square in Hughie's face by way of emphasis."

Hughie can only nod by this time and gaze helplessly at the gun.

"Now," Bob concludes importantly, "I'm gonna do you a big favor. *I'll* take the job. What d'ya say?"

Hughie merely gulps. He is too scared to speak.

"Come on," Bob demands impatiently. "How's about it?"

"It's—a—good—idea," Hughie gasps.

"Okay, boss," Bob jubilates putting the gun away and giving Hughie a hand up.

"Cut!" calls Keighley.

I notice several people eating the candy so I make a dash for it, too. Howard's got his mouth so full he can't talk, but he gets quite excited when he sees me pick up a piece and snatches it out of my hand. "Quit eatin' the props," he says as soon as he can get his mouth empty.

I glare at him indignantly but before I can think up a crushing rejoinder, Keighley comes up. "Haven't seen you around for sometime," he observes pleasantly.

Fancy a director missing *me!* Maybe I ought to be in pictures!

Meditating on that I wander over to the lunchroom. Lyle is there waiting, all right. Just as we sit down, Mervyn LeRoy, just back from his honeymoon, comes in. As soon as the "hellos" are over, Lyle turns to him eagerly. "Say, Merv, have you seen my last picture?"

"I hope so," says Merv, and Lyle subsides.

"Lookit, Lyle," I begin, determined to make the best of a bad bargain, "we might as well do an interview as long as we're here."

"Got any angles?" Lyle asks, brightening.

"Well, you told me once you didn't want to be a director. Let's do a story about the only actor in Hollywood who doesn't want to direct."

"But I do!" Lyle exclaims hotly. "I'm going to direct!"

"What you going to direct?" Mervyn coos softly from the next table. "Traffic?"

Lyle is just too utterly, utterly crushed. So crushed is he, he absent-mindedly reaches for the check when the lunch is over. My honor is saved and I duck over to Paramount before he discovers his mistake. I can thank him for the lunch some other time.

At Paramount

THREE pictures in the works at this studio, but I don't mind. I nearly always have fun over here. As I present my beaming countenance, with a crumb or two purposely left on my mouth so they'll know I've had lunch and can give me an unqualified welcome, Virginia Woods eyes me severely.

"You remember what happened last month," she begins. And then, as a look of injured innocence spreads across my face, she snaps, "Oh, you needn't look so darned smug." You know what I mean. Now behave yourself this month."

"Yes, ma'am," I promise humbly.

The first set we grace with our presence (presences?) is "Now and Forever." This is an important picture for several reasons. First there's Carole Lombard, and Carole, as she looks today, in a filmy chiffon gown of periwinkle blue with a long train, is reason enough for any picture. "Hello, sweets," she murmurs offering me her cheek.

I turn triumphantly to Virginia. "Don't get too close to me. From now on I'm going to charge to let people touch me."

"How come?" queries Virginia.

"How come?" I repeat, aghast. *"How come?* Why I've been kissed by Lombard, that's how come!"

"Huh," she sneers. "You call that a kiss? Now, where *I* come from——"

"Shut up," I mutter crossly. Always belittlin', that's Virginia for you. I turn to reason Number Two—Gary Cooper. "Hi, Coop."

"Hi," says Gary. "Say, you should have been with me at the Colony Club the other night."

"Well, I would have been if you'd asked me," I rejoin brilliantly, and then, "All right, Mr. Bones. Why should I have been with you at the Colony Club the other night?"

"You remember those women who had us to a party last summer when we were down at Coronado?"

"Remember them?" I echo. "Will I ever forget them! Six feet two or three, serving green corn liquor, *making* us drink it, no idea who any of you were other than that you were celebrities, one of them mentioning that Oakie looked like a dumb cluck and asking was *he* in pictures. Do I remember them!"

"Yeah," says Coop, "those are the ones. Well, the other night the mother of the tribe was out at the Colony. She sent word that an old friend of mine wanted to see me—a Mrs. Steele. I thought maybe it was Mrs. Drexel Biddle Steele or somebody like

that, so I went over and then she let me have it with both barrels for that article you wrote about the party. She said it was outrageous and disgusting and that I ought to be ashamed of myself and something should be done about it."

For Gary, a speech that long is a regular oration. As I pictured him shifting from one foot to the other in the face of the outraged woman's diatribe, I nearly burst my sides laughing.

When I could control myself I glanced at Gary. He didn't seem as upset as he ordinarily would. "What was the pay-off?" I asked.

"Oh, I pacified her."

"How?" I wanted to know.

"I just told her she was quite right and it was all your fault and Arlen, Oakie and I were as incensed as she was. And that she must realize we were in no way responsible for the perfidies of the press."

Rage and indignation hold me speechless. Before I can think of anything fitting to say, the director calls them into a scene and I discover—reason Number Three—why this is an important picture. Little Shirley Temple, the sensation of the hour, is in it. What that child can do to a part is nobody's business—and everybody's.

Carole, an English society girl, has left her husband and given up everything to live with Gary, a confidence man. His daughter — Shirley — charms everyone who meets her. For her sake and Carole's he decides to go straight and gets a job at $35 a week. Sir Guy Standing, a jewel thief, whom Gary has previously swindled, steals a ring and plants it on Gary to get even. Gary can't live on his salary and finally steals an emerald necklace from Charlotte Granville, which he hides in Shirley's teddy bear.

The scene is Shirley's bedroom and she has just been put to bed for the night. Gary is sitting on the edge of the bed and Shirley is prattling away: "And I'd say, 'That's all I wanted to know, Mr. Day.' See?"

Gary avoids her gaze. He suddenly doesn't like himself very much but he nods slowly and stands up. Then the door opens and Carole enters.

"Hi, Toni," Shirley yells gayly.

"This is a fine time of night for you to be jumping around," Carole tells her with a feeble attempt at severity.

Shirley giggles. Carole starts to put her under the covers and Shirley throws her arms around Carole's neck, kissing her. Then Carole notices Gary's abstraction. "What's the matter, Jerry?" she asks.

"Nothing," Gary mutters. "Why?"

There is a moment's hesitation then Carole makes herself accept this. Shirley is not inclined to get under the covers so Carole spanks her playfully and pulls the quilt over her. Gary starts out of the room.

"Goodnight, daddy," Shirley calls.

"Goodnight, dear," Gary responds. He hesitates a moment, and then, "Shall I put Grumpy in the closet?" Grumpy is the teddy bear.

"Oh, no," Shirley answers. "He's very good now."

"Now go to sleep," Carole admonishes, kissing her and following Gary out of the room.

"My, that was a short scene," Shirley observes when it is over. She turns to the director. "Was that a take?" she demands.

I'm telling you, that child is a revelation. The change of expression that plays across her face as she glances from one to the other of them as they exchange dialogue is something many an adult actor might copy.

"Who all's in this?" I ask Carole, when the scene is finished.

"Waal, Ah'll tell you-all who's in it, honey," Carole drawls in what she fondly hopes is a Southern accent:

Jerry Day.....Gary Cooper
Toni Carstairs.....Carole Lombard
Penelope Day.....Shirley Temple
Felix Evans.....Sir Guy Standing
Mrs. J. H. P. Crane.....
Charlotte Granville
James Higginson.....Gilbert Emery
Mr. Clark.....Henry Kolker

"Come on," says the unsentimental Virginia. "We can't spend the day here."

So I leave reluctantly and we go over to the set of "Elmer and Elsie," where George Bancroft and Frances Fuller are emoting. Frances is the girl who made such a hit playing opposite Gary last year in "One Sunday Afternoon." And "Elmer and Elsie" is taken from a play in which Helen Hayes once starred—"To the Ladies."

Bancroft is a dumb cluck of a truck driver for a piano company. His wife, Frances, is the brains of the family. The company has finally sold a concert piano to a great artist. As it is leaving the factory it falls and, but for Bancroft's presence of mind, it would have been wrecked. In saving it, he breaks



George Bancroft is at work again at Paramount. This time he is making "Elmer and Elsie," which reveals the tender emotions of a truck driver.

his arm. George Barbier, president of the company, and Nella Walker, his wife, call on Bancroft and Frances.

Frances is going to play for them. She has just struck a chord when there is a loud knock at the door.

"That's probably someone to invite Elmer to a dinner," Frances ventures. "They just can't hold a banquet without him." She rises, goes to the door and opens it, when in steps Shorty Evans.

"Bring in the rollers, Bill," he calls over his shoulder to his helper. They move in to the room but stop when they see George and Nella. The former half rises from his chair but the latter puts a restraining hand on his shoulder. There is a moment's silence as Bancroft eyes the small truck in Bill's hand.

"Hey!" he yelps. "What are you guys doin'?"

"Takin' the piano," Shorty informs him tersely. "You're behind on your payments, ain't you?"

Imagine a *contretemps* like that in front of your *boss!*

"Wait a minute, boys," Barbier ways. "Is it true," he goes on darkly to Bancroft, "that you've been neglecting your payments?"

"There's a very good reason for it, Mr. Kincaid," Frances interrupts. "A *very* good reason."

"I am very strict at the factory about such things, Mrs. Beebe," Barbier informs her.

Bancroft gets up quickly and starts for the door. He pauses a moment to whisper something into Frances' ear. "I'll be right back," he informs them and dashes out the door.

What a swell play that was! And what a swell picture it ought to make. A nice



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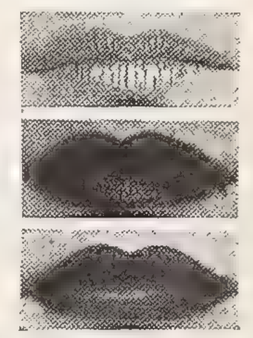
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clean, homely little comedy in which sex is not dragged in, and in which the underworld has no part. This should really be a picture for the whole family. And see who's in it:

Elmer Beebe.....George Bancroft
Elsie Beebe.....Frances Fuller
Rocky Cott.....Roscoe Karns
John Kincaid.....George Barbier
Mrs. Eva Kincaid.....Nella Walker
George Simpson.....Charles Sellon
Ma Simpson..Helena Phillips Evans
Mamie.....Ruth Clifford
Parlotti.....Albert Conti
Blanche.....Vera Stedman

From this set I trickle over to that of "The Notorious Sophie Lang." I note with dismay that Skippy (Alison Skipworth) isn't working today, but she's on the set all right, dolled up as I have never seen her dolled up before—when she isn't working. She has on enough silver foxes to start a fox farm.

"I got tired of being chained to the telephone waiting for a call from the studio," she explains, "so now I just come to the studio to *see* if I'm wanted."

"When do you leave on your vacation?" I query.

Skippy is what might be described as "touchy." You never know when the simplest question is going to set her off. "I'm not going on any vacation," she snaps. "I don't need a vacation. I want to get through with my contract and leave Hollywood for good in January."

"Leave Hollywood!" I gasp.

"Yes, leave Hollywood," Skippy repeats. "My option is due in January and I'm hoping they won't take it up. They're fools if they pay me the increases my contract calls for and I won't compromise for a cent less. I want to do a stage play."

"But, good Lord," I protest, "you work constantly. Look at all the pictures you've made."

"Tripe!" Skippy informs me witheringly. "*Such* tripe! Why, if these Paramount officials hadn't been stubborn as mules I could have played in 'Reunion in Vienna' in London. The thing is still running there."

We are interrupted by Director Ralph Murphy calling for silence. He wants to make a shot. It's a modiste's shop and they're in the throes of putting on a style show. Racks line one side of the wall, with the gowns the girls will wear hanging on them. The models are standing around in their seemores, waiting for the dressers to get them ready for their next appearance. Suddenly Gertrude Michael appears in the doorway—not the one leading to the salon where the exhibit is being held—clad in nothing but a bandeau and a very abbreviated pair of panties. She hesitates a moment as though afraid someone has seen her enter.

"Here, you," snaps the man in charge of the show. "Hurry up. You're late."

Skippy is Gert's aunt, there are crooks mixed up in the thing, some jewels are stolen. Skippy, as she informs me, is the biggest crook of them all. Here y'are:

Sophie Lang.....Gertrude Michael
Max Bernard.....Paul Cavanaugh
Aunt Nellie.....Alison Skipworth
Peltz.....Leon Errol
Inspector Par.....Arthur Byron
Captain Thompson.....Ben Taggart
1st Jeweler.....Arthur Hoyt
2nd Jeweler.....Edward McWade
Robin.....Norman Ainsley
Countess De Cesca..Madame Jacoby
August Telfen..Ferdinand Gottschalk
Floor Walker...Stanhope Wheatcroft
1st Clerk.....William Jeffries
2nd Clerk.....Jack Mulhall

On your left, ladies and gentlemen, we have that peerless actor, Mr. Lee Tracy, in

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30x4.50-21	2.40	.85	31x4	2.95	.85
28x4.75-19	2.45	.95	32x4	2.95	.85
29x4.75-20	2.50	.95	33x4	2.95	.85
29x5.00-19	2.85	1.05	34x4	2.95	1.15
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05	32x4½	3.35	1.15
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15	33x4½	3.45	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15	34x4½	3.45	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15	30x5	3.65	1.35
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15	33x5	3.75	1.45
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15	35x5	4.25	1.75
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30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15			
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15			
32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25			
33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25			
32x6.50-20	3.75	1.35			

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his first Paramount picture—"You Belong To Me." That is, we'll have him when the film is completed, but today he isn't working.

Today, the scene is a beer garden with a stage for outdoor entertainment. They're rehearsing a number. The chairs are piled on the tables. At one side, just below the stage, sits a man in his shirt sleeves and derby, pounding a piano. On the stage, Helen Mack and Arthur Pierson are rehearsing a tap dance. Over at the side sits



Helen Mack and Arthur Pierson are rehearsing a tap dance for "You Belong to Me," Lee Tracy's new picture.

little David Jack Durant. What he is to the act I can't find out because Al Worker, the director, is too busy to tell me anything, and nobody else seems to know.

At any rate, Helen and Art are doing one of those routine dances that third rate vaudeville teams always put on and think they're wowing the audience. As they dance, Helen looks up archly at Art and demands, "Tell me, Mr. Stanley—"

"What is it, Gorgeous?" Art obliges.

"Were there any great men born in this town?"

"No," says Art baldly, "only little babies."

"Hey, wait!" indignantly from the brat who has been watching them disgustedly from a piano stool at the side. "Fleurette always said that. That was her gag."

"Aw, gee, honey," Helen pleads, stopping the dance and kneeling down beside him, "what difference does it make who says it as long as we get the laughs?"

"After all, kid," Art chimes in as he puts a linen robe around Helen's shoulders, "who's the comic in this act?"

David watches them as they walk off the stage. He returns to his stool, turns and delivers his parting shot: "If you ask me, there ain't no comic in the act."

They show no signs of ever getting beyond this one scene. Over and over and over and over they rehearse it and shoot it. It's no fun there. Everybody's working too hard so I leave. Here's who you'll see in the picture:

Bud Hannigan.....Lee Tracy
Florette Faxon.....Helen Mack
Jim Paxon.....David Jack Holt
But Stanley.....Arthur Pierson
Theatre Manager....Lynne Overman

On the R-K-O Lot

ONE picture shooting here. It's "A Hat, A Coat, A Glove." This, my dears, is the opus about which there was such a hullabaloo raised. First John Barrymore started it and then decided he no like. Then Paul Lukas was borrowed from Universal and Paul no likee, too. After that, Adolphe Menjou said, "No" and they finally got Ricardo Cortez.

The story doesn't sound any worse than most of them, so I can't understand why nobody wanted to play it. It's about a husband (Cortez) and his wife (Barbara Robbins) who decide on a trial separation. Babs goes to Greenwich Village where she and a younger man (John Beal) fall in love with each other. Just when divorce seems imminent, a girl from John's past (Dorothy Burgess) turns up and was *I* surprised. John, of all people, who says he knows nothing of the facts of life!

Well, to make a long story short, Dot commits suicide, John gets accused and the only one who can save him is—you guessed it!—Ric, because Ric was in John's apartment when Dot kicked off. After the trial is over and Jack (you don't mind if I call you Jack, Mr. Beal?), Babs and Ric are in the judge's chamber gabbing, and Barbara suddenly finds she loves Ric after all. If I were a girl I'd prefer Jack. He's younger and better looking but that's Barbara's business and the scenario writer's.

"What makes you want to come back to me?" Ric asks curiously. "Love—or gratitude?"

"Love!" cries Barbara.

"Enough of it to last?" Ric persists.

Barbara quite, quite overcome can only nod her head. When she regains control of herself, she goes on: "A strange courtship—ours. Did you need a judge and a whole jury? Just to tell me what I should always have known?"

Mr. Beal is left holding the well-known bag.

"How's it, Jack?" I ask when the scene is finished.

"What do you care?" he comes back. "You got nothing to worry about."

Subtle! That's Mr. Beal, for you. Incidentally, he's probably going to be your next rave, girls. He's the chap who played Helen Hayes' nephew-in-law in "Another Language"—and good, too. Healthy, wealhty and wise. Well, anyhow, healthy and wealthy.

Here's the line-up:

Robert Mitchell.....Ricardo Cortez
Dorothea Mitchell..Barbara Robbins
Jerry Hutchins.....John Beal
Mitchell's Secretary....Sarah Hayden
John Walters.....Samuel Hinds
Ann Brewster.....Dorothy Burgess
Thomas Sullivan.....David Durand
Prosecutor.....Paul Harvey
Judge.....Murray Kinnell
Mme. DuBarry..Margaret Hamilton

At Fox

TWO of 'em going here. First, there's "Judge Priest," starring America's homespun philosopher—Mr. Will Rogers. This story is by the illustrious Irvin Cobb.

I didn't find out the plot, but the scene is a courtroom in a little town on the Mississippi River. Mr. Rogers is the judge. And guess who is facing him from the witness box? Stepin Fetchit.

Mr. Cobb is visiting on the set. He's telling them a story about a negro who was arrested for vagrancy, but when he came up before the judge the poor devil was so scared he stammered out "Fragrancy."

"Put that in," yells Director John Ford excitedly. So they do.

"Who gave you the name 'Poindexter'?" Judge Rogers inquires peering over his specs.

"M-m-m-m Mistah Ranny," Step finally stammers.

"You don't mean Major Randolph Poindexter—down yonder at Pine Bluff?" Will asks, interested for the first time.

"Yassuh," whines Step. "Tha's him."

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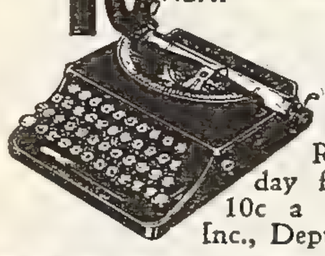
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"Well, salt me down!" exclaims the judge, taking off his specs. "Major Ranny! 'Pears to me," he continues, "like you Poindexters always gettin' mixed up with chickens." Addressing an old soldier in the rear of the courtroom, wearing a gray uniform, "Seem lak I recollect, Sergeant, that you and the Major had right smart to do with the flesh of the fowl."

There is a lengthy confab between the spectators in the courtroom and the judge about Major Poindexter's love of chicken, but the reminiscences are broken in upon by Berton Churchill.

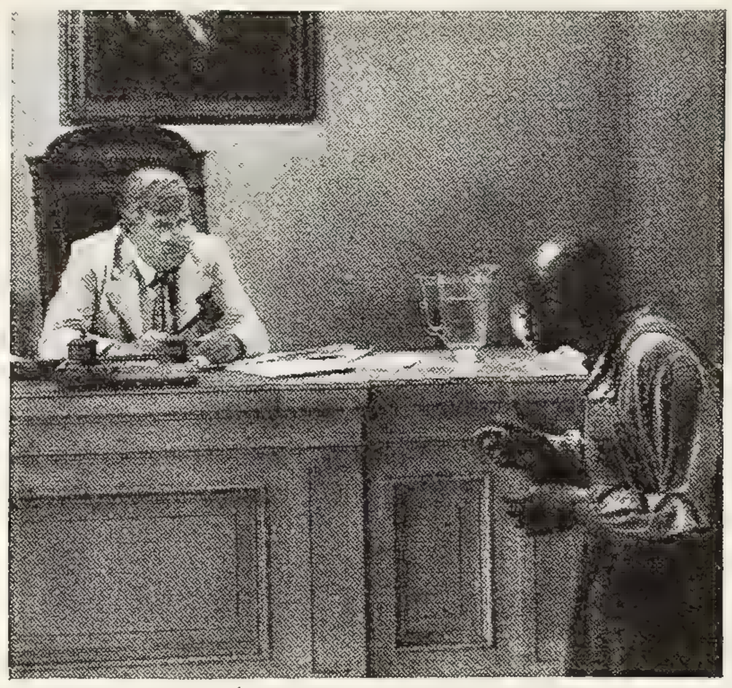
"Your honor," he expostulates, "is this a court of law? I ask you—IS THIS A COURT OF LAW?"

"Now don't get het up, Senator," Will adjures him, growing a little stern. Reluctantly he turns back to the miscreant. "What you charged with Jeff?"

"Fragrancy," comes in a plaintive voice from Step.

"You're right," opines the judge taking a tentative sniff. He turns to the sheriff: "You better open that window."

When the scene is finished, Will turns to Mr. Cobb. "Funny thing," he drawls. "Other night at the theatre (he's playing out here in 'Ah, Wilderness'), I come out between the acts an' told 'em: 'Anybody who's seen George M. Cohan in this show in New York can get half their money back at the box office," and some guy in the audience yells at me, 'Why, you don't think you're half as good as Cohan, do you?' "



At last Judge Priest, in the person of Will Rogers, comes to the screen and before him stands Stepin Fetchit, the most successful colored player.

Well, salt *me* down. I thought Bing Crosby was the only one who told jokes like that on himself.

With Mr. Rogers in this classic are:

Judge Priest.....Will Rogers
Virginia Maydew...Rochelle Hudson
Jerome Priest.....Tom Brown
Ellie May Gillespie...Anita Louise
Flem Talley.....Frank Melton
Bob Gillis.....David Landau
Mrs. Caroline Priest..Brenda Fowler
Rev. Ashby Brand.Henry B. Walthall
Sergeant Jimmy Bagby.....
CharleyGrapewin
Mrs. Maydew.....Grace Goodall
Billy Gaynor.....Roger Imhoff
Doc Lake.....Paul McAllister
Juror No. 12.....Francis Ford
Herman Felsburg.....Hy Meyer
Senator Horace Maydew.....
Berton Churchill
Sheriff Birdsong.....Lewis Mason
Gabby Rives.....Matt McHugh
Jeff Poindexter.....Stepin Fetchit

Across the street is a little number variously known as "The Painted Lady" and "Wanted." The painted one is Rosemary Ames and her side kick is Pert Kelton.

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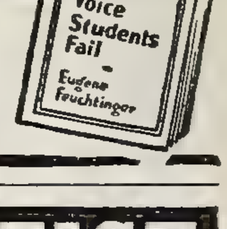
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"Wanted," with Pert Kelton, will revive your interest in plantation killings.

They're only some birds in a gilded cage—the cage being a Malay honky-tonk cafe—or gilded lilies or whatever the polite name is. I guess they were forced into the business because they're plainly sick of it, and every dime or dollar they can save is laid by to open a tea room.

Victor Jory—and is he a sight in his make-up, with rubber stoppers in his nose to spread his nostrils—is a native who owns an island nearby. He kills his neighbor while trying to get his plantation, but the neighbor has willed it to his nephew (Russell Hardie). So Vic tries to have Russ killed, but Rosemary finds him and takes him home. She nurses him and they fall in love with each other.

Vic wants Rosemary (and who can blame him?) but she doesn't want him. They're arguing things out in the cafe, with a couple of Javanese dancers undulating around. Pert, in a blue satin gown with a lei of organdy petals around her neck, is at the bar accumulating funds for the tea room.

"Here," sobs the drunk, "take thish." He pushes a roll of bills that would choke an ox in her eager fist.

"Oh," murmurs Pert, returning his embrace, "I can't."

"Take it," insists the souse who is so drunk he probably thinks he's getting his money's worth."

"Oh, I *couldn't,*" Pert repeats as she stuffs the money in her dress and drifts off down the bar.

"Hi, pal," Vic greets me when the scene is over. "Can you get hold of Jimmy Cagney and his wife and Chester and Sue Morris? I want you all to come by my place for drinks, and then I want to take you over to the Pasadena Community Theatre to see 'Cavalcade.' They're giving a great performance of it. See if you can get them lined up for Friday night," he finishes as he goes back for another "take."

Mona.....Rosemary Ames
David Landeen.....Russell Hardie
Beauregard.....Victor Jory
Gilda.....Pert Kelton
Dr. Otto Steiner.....George Irving

Over At M-G-M

There's only one picture going out here today although "Stamboul Quest" is on the schedule, but, oh, gosh! kids, it's "The Merry Widow" and every time I think of it I break into a fever of anticipation. You all know me: I don't often get excited about forthcoming pictures—old man *Scrooge* himself—the chronic grouch. But, gosh! What do I care what the plot is like? They've kept every single song that was in the original score, and with Jeanette MacDonald to sing them, what more could anyone ask? And the most sumptuous sets ever assembled for a picture in my experience as a set-coverer.

This particular set is the royal bedroom. There's no sense describing it because you've seen dozens of royal bed chambers, but this is bigger and more elaborate than any of them.

In the little kingdom of Marshovia, George Barbier rules as king and Una Merkel as queen. Chevalier is a philandering captain in the Royal Guard, who is so successful in his manoeuvres he wants the name of the place changed to Pushovia. There is a fabulously wealthy young widow—Jeanette MacDonald—who will have none of him but when he climbs her garden wall it stirs vague longings. She puts aside her mourning and goes to Paris.

King George is alarmed. Her taxes keep his place going. He's afraid she will marry and move out of the country. He wants to send the most dashing of his courtiers after her and then Fate plays into his hand. He discovers Chevalier and Queen Una are carrying on a liaison. He has just sent for them to come to the royal bedroom. As they enter, badly frightened, George locks the door. This does nothing to allay their fears. He crosses the room and locks another door. As he starts towards the second door Chevalier hastily takes a diamond bracelet from his wrist and hands it to Una, who kneels quickly, while George's back is turned, and clasps it about her ankle.

"Now," George announces importantly, "let's keep this a scandal between ourselves. This *must* be kept out of history. Not a soul must know."

"Nobody," Una agrees. "I swear."

"Why," Chevalier expostulates, "we were going to keep it so secret we planned not even to tell your majesty!"

It's a tricky scene to get, because Una's gowns are so flowing it is hard for her to kneel and get her skirt out of the way quickly enough to snap the bracelet on her ankle before George turns. And is Una an eyeful! You who have only seen her in comedy parts are due for the shock of your lives when you see her really dressed up in her blue chiffon robes, all trimmed in maribou.

Here's the cast they've assembled:

Danilo.....Maurice Chevalier
Sonia.....Jeanette MacDonald
Queen.....Una Merkel
King.....George Barbier
Marcelle.....Minna Gombell

This is one day I go home with a song in my heart instead of a grouch. Those lilting melodies will brighten many a day for many a person and if this picture isn't the box-office smash of the year, I'm crazier than even my family suspect.

LUPE VELEZ and Johnny Weissmuller are parting. The little Tamale tried to take an air trip, and 'tis said Johnny wasn't properly sympathetic when Lupe developed a touch of air sickness. The sky's the limit to romance.



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For over twenty-two years this tried, proven and popular preparation has aided American women the country over in retaining their youthful charm and appearance. Millions of bottles sold is your assurance of satisfaction and safety. Don't experiment. BROWNATONE is guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair—active coloring agent is of vegetable origin. Easily and quickly applied—at home. Cannot affect waving of hair. BROWNATONE is economical and lasting—it will not wash out. No waiting. No disappointments. Just brush or comb it in. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black"—cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee, or—

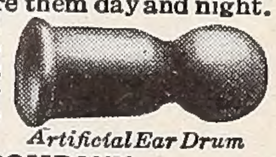
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The Kenton Pharmacal Co.
381 Brownatone Bldg., Covington, Kentucky
Please send me Test Bottle of BROWNATONE and illustrated book on care of the hair. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover partly, cost of packing and mailing.
Color of my hair is.....
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Print Your Name and Address

WANTED!
ORIGINAL POEMS, SONGS
for immediate consideration
M. M. M. PUBLISHERS
Dept. SU Studio Bldg.
PORTLAND, ORE.

NOT A FRECKLE TO WORRY ABOUT
45 Years Amazing Success Proves It
Embarrassing freckles just fade naturally with "FRECKLE OINTMENT," for 45 years the safe standard freckle remover. FREE SAMPLE—send 10c for postage, packing, handling, booklet.
KREMOLA CO., Dept. SU-9
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NO JOKE TO BE DEAF
—Every deaf person knows that—

Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.

Artificial Ear Drum
THE WAY COMPANY
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ASTHMA HAY FEVER BRONCHITIS
SUFFERING OVERCOME—*Quickly, Safely!*
Ama-Gon, amazing new California home treatment, quickly stops Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever suffering. Absolutely **SAFE** for young or old. No matter how many remedies you have tried, Ama-Gon quickly overcomes that awful wheezing, choking sensation and enables you to breathe **FREELY, EASILY** again. Promotes sound, restful sleep. We want **YOU** to prove its value to **YOURSELF WITHOUT RISKING ONE CENT**

MAIL COUPON NOW FOR FREE BOOK

ACCEPT 8-DAY TRIAL OFFER
AMA-GON LABORATORIES,
Dept. H-1, 1500 N. Vermont, Los Angeles, California.
Accept 8-DAY TRIAL OFFER, and FREE Book about Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, **WITHOUT COST.**
Name.....
Address.....City.....

BEFORE AFTER

Sleeps Soundly NOW!
"I suffered 15 yrs. with Bronchial Asthma," wrote Mrs. R. Chavez, 280 S. Palm St., Ventura, Calif., "Tried everything without relief. After using 1½ bottles of Ama-Gon I feel like a new person. Got rid of my wheezing and now sleep soundly the whole night thru."

The Final Fling



Garbo as Anna Christie

YOUR editor, as he puts SILVER SCREEN for September, 1934, to press, recalls tucking away SCREENLAND for September, 1924. And that is an epoch.

In these ten years a few pictures stand out clearly in memory, and, if we were to make a list of the ten greatest of all time, we would first mention "The Covered Wagon" and then "The Birth of a Nation," because they seemed to open the screen to its full power. They were silents. Then there was "Daddy Long Legs" with Mary Pickford—but the recent edition was quite as good. "Stella Dallas" lingers in our mind. A few years ago there was "The Champ" and recently "Lady for a Day," which seems as fine as any of them. Runyon's other one, "It Happened One Night," was also fine indeed.

We used to be more sentimental, and the crackling action of "Scarface" does not bring to mind as sweet a memory as either of the editions of "Smilin' Thru." What pictures "Don Q." and "Scaramouche" were! It was Bill Hart who taught the movies menace, but that was long ago. "She Done Him Wrong" was the beginning of suggestive entertainment but entertainment for all that.

We have seen the Red Sea part for Mr. De Mille's "Ten Commandments." We have seen Tom Mix ride and have enjoyed Clara Bow in "The Fleet's In." If we had to award a laurel wreath it would probably go to "Anna Christie"—to our two favorites, Garbo and Dressler.

Do you remember Jannings? Laughton makes you think of him. Jeanne Eagles was wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten. Then there was a little fellow named Chaplin, Charles Chaplin, and a girl named Betty Bronson who played "Peter Pan" about the time that Gilbert was in "The Big Parade."

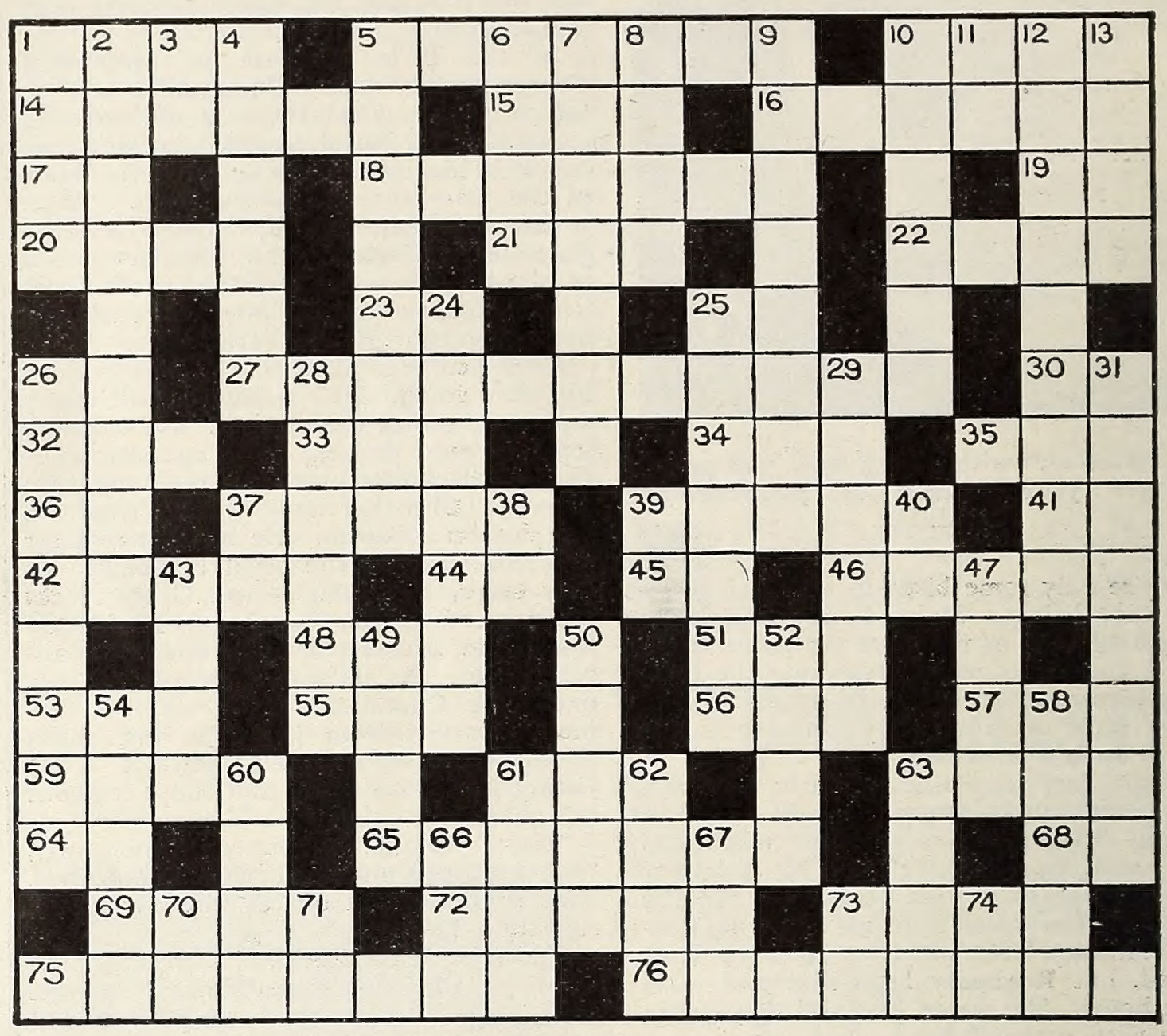
No one fills their places and they made it very easy for an editor. People wanted to know about them much more than they do about our present players.

Which were the greatest pictures? Can you improve on our list?

EDITOR

A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Charlotte Herbert



AT A PARTY DO THIS PUZZLE OUT LOUD—FUN!

ACROSS

1 A young horse
5 The most entertaining negro actor in pictures
10 Most desirable
14 He was the patient doctor in "The Right to Romance"
15 A species of deer
16 A card game
17 A dry measure (abbr.)
18 The United States
19 Within
20 A term in bridge
21 Make a mistake
22 To rave
23 Mary Boland's mate in many films (initials)
25 An impersonator of celebrities (initials)
26 A measure of distance (abbr.)
27 The composer in "Sisters Under the Skin"
30 A Roman coin
32 Avenue (abbr.)
33 Leap
34 A shade tree
35 A man's name (abbr.)
36 The sun god
37 You'll be seeing her in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"
39 Well skilled
41 A mode of Transportation (abbr.)
42 Breaks suddenly
44 Definite article
45 A title of respect (abbr.)
46 To urge forward
48 Finish
51 A noun suffix
53 A beverage
55 The star reporter in "I'll Tell the World"
56 A writer of gangster stories
57 A Bulgarian coin
59 Coming after all others
61 To seize unexpectedly
63 A molten volcanic matter
64 An American soprano (initials)
65 Lyn Durland in "The Affairs of a Gentleman"
68 Indefinite article
69 A small secluded valley
72 Pertaining to wood
73 A sketch
75 His first American picture will be "Cleopatra"
76 Superficial knowledge

DOWN

1 Public conveyances
2 One of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
3 An army officer (abbr.)
4 Short essays on given subjects
5 In "Born to be Kissed"
6 A woody plant
7 Disintegrate
8 One succeeding another in the possession of property
9 She's in "Du Barry"
10 Thorne in "Fog Over Frisco"
11 Speech of hesitancy
12 Film in which Richard Dix was starred
13 Temporary shelter
24 A Norma Shearer picture
25 He was born in Racine, Wisc.
26 A favorite English actor
28 An edged instrument for cutting stone
29 An important personage at a baseball game
31 Her second film was "Little Man, What Now?"
37 A musical term meaning very soft (abbr.)
38 A thoroughfare (abbr.)
39 Morning
40 A member of the Moore brothers (initials)
43 Terrifies
47 First name of foreign actress
49 Tidings
50 A greeting of cheer and appreciation
52 Periods of time
54 "The Great Flirtation" is her latest film
58 Una Merkel's girl friend
60 An ingredient of bath powder
61 A gaseous element of the atmosphere
62 Articles of furniture
63 To become calm
66 A number
67 The greatest city in the U.S.A. (abbr.)
70 The first name of Swedish comedian
71 Behold
73 Italian River
74 Two-toed sloth

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

C	O	D	■	B	R	E	A	K	S	T	O	N	■	C	A	B
A	D	O	R	E	■	D	I	A	N	A	■	A	N	I	T	A
V	E	N	A	B	L	E	■	T	■	B	A	I	N	T	E	R
A	■	A	■	E	O	N	■	H	■	S	A	L	■	R	■	R
L	I	L	Y	■	Y	■	H	A	S	■	M	■	T	O	B	Y
C	O	D	E	S	■	M	A	R	C	H	■	V	E	N	O	M
A	T	■	L	E	E	■	R	I	O	■	D	I	X	■	N	O
D	A	■	P	R	E	S	E	N	T	M	E	N	T	■	D	R
E	■	B	■	G	R	■	S	E	T	■	E	C	■	V	■	E
■	■	L	I	E	■	S	■	■	■	O	■	E	V	A	■	■
J	E	A	N	■	L	O	M	B	A	R	D	■	S	L	A	P
U	R	N	■	E	R	■	A	Y	E	■	M	A	■	O	E	R
D	R	E	A	R	■	S	E	R	F	S	■	T	E	R	R	Y
G	O	■	I	N	C	A	■	D	■	I	T	E	M	■	I	O
E	L	D	R	E	D	G	E	■	D	R	E	S	S	L	E	R

Fling a challenge to adventure

TATTOO YOUR LIPS



TATTOO your lips and you'll dare romance! TATTOO . . . that lovely lip color of intense, more meaning brilliance . . . tempting in itself but more tempting on lips. Subtle, exquisite TATTOO! Different from anything else . . . TATTOO is so softening, so tenderly smooth . . . lips seem to grow younger the more it is used. Apply TATTOO . . . let it set . . . wipe it off . . . only the COLOR stays. No pastiness . . . only the color . . . the warm red of challenge to adventure . . . to *fate!*

More than one shade of TATTOO will become you . . . try at least two for differing costume harmonies . . . select them by testing all four at the Tattoo Color Selector displayed at all smart toilet goods counters. TATTOO for lips, $1.

Then . . . TATTOO your cheeks into alluring harmony with your lips by using the exactly matching shade of TATTOO ROUGE. (for cheeks and lips) 75c.

Don't be misled by imitators . . . there is nothing else like TATTOO!



FOUR STARTLING SHADES

CORAL has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes.

EXOTIC is a truly exotic, new shade, brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it *very* effective!

NATURAL is a medium shade. A true, rich blood color that will be an asset to any brunette.

PASTEL is of the type that changes color when applied to the lips. It gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm color that is truly amazing.

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A miniature size of TATTOO (LIPSTICK) contained in a clever black and silver case, will be sent upon receipt of the coupon below together with 10c to cover postage and packing. Tattoo your lips!

TATTOO, CHICAGO

TATTOO, Dept. 106, 11 E. Austin Ave., Chicago.
10c enclosed. Send me Trial Size Tattoo (LIPSTICK) postpaid.
☐ Coral ☐ Exotic ☐ Natural ☐ Pastel

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....*State*.....

TATTOO

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Put it on . . let it set . . rub it off . . only the COLOR *stays*

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FROM DIVING—

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"When I'm tired and feel the need of a 'lift' I smoke a Camel and soon feel like my real self again!"

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OLYMPIC
DIVING CHAMPION



After swimming...after a hard day's work...any time when you need new vim and energy —light a Camel. And as you enjoy its cool, rich flavor your flow of natural energy will be restored.

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CAMEL'S Costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves



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